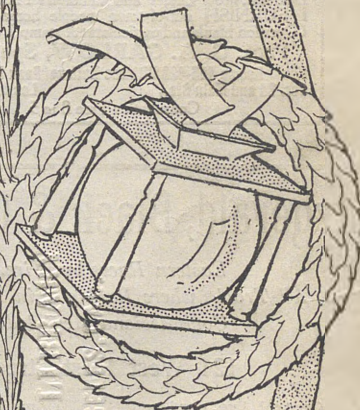
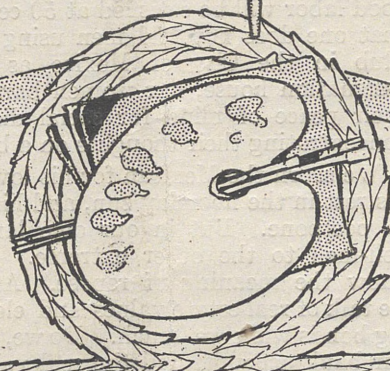
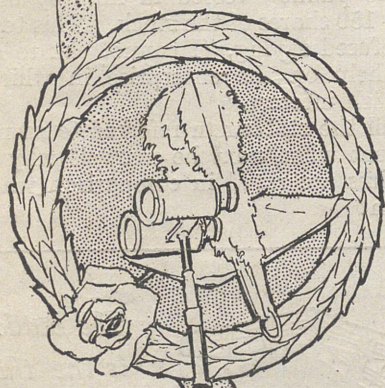
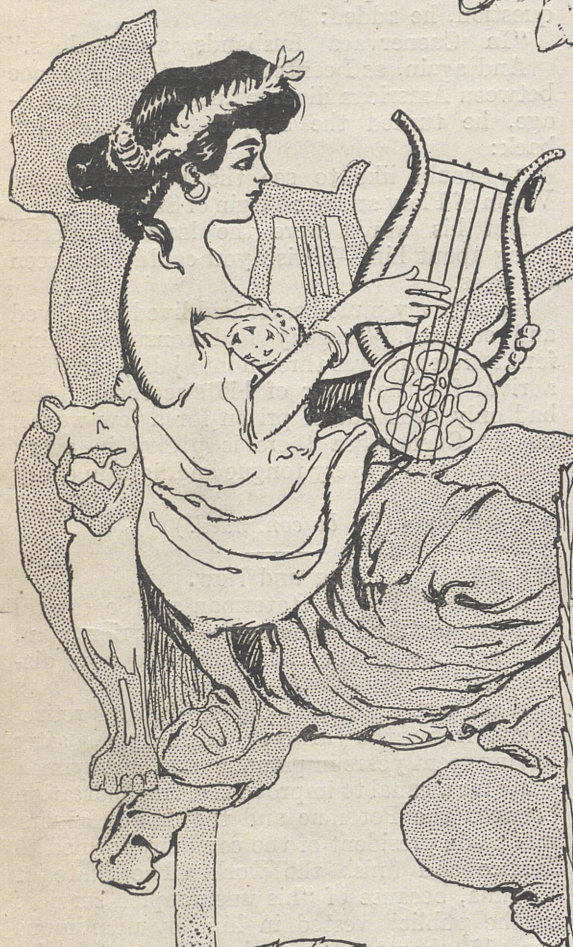


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VOL. XXVI. Los Angeles, Cal., March 9, 1907. No. 14

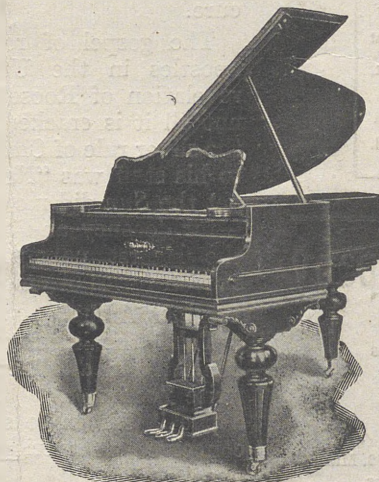
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## Mexican Impressions

II

By R. H. HAY CHAPMAN

As I have already pointed out, my impressions during ten days' flight through Mexico were necessarily superficial and fugitive. I traveled without a guide book and our party sought no cicerone. There was much, too much, to see and far too little time to see it in. Nor did we follow the beaten path, "professional" sight-seeing being abhorrent to our tastes. It was the indescribable joy of living that made Mexico so superlatively attractive, especially in contrast with the rude and incessant struggle for existence that obtains on almost every hand in our own land of pressure and prosperity.

In Mexico the resources are as yet so illimitable and competition still so mild—while good labor will be satisfied at 50 cents a day—that one does not find men using the Jockey Club in the City of Mexico as a business assignation house, nor women bartering away their peace of mind for social distinction or concentrating their thoughts on a ball-gown.

We scorn the Mexican for his love of repose, his rest in the noonday sun, and his preference to postpone. But in our own land we rush pell-mell to the other extreme. We do not know the meaning of repose. At the clubs we talk of real estate values and electric lighting bonds while we lunch. Do we, however fat our bank account, find the real values of life? And what is the true balance? It is too old and sorry a story to recount here—men, broken down in health at forty and fit for oslerization at fifty; women, refusing to bear children and constant candidates for the rest cure.

The gospel of repose needs ten thousand apostles in the United States today. The revelation of Rooseveltian "strenuousness" is not all it is cracked up to be. The first and the silver rule of Charles A. Dana's instructions to his staff was "Never be in a hurry!" And yet the *Sun* did move, and far more effectively—for decency and good citizenship—than all the Hearst papers put together, with their saffron furies of crazy gush and lunatic slime.

### Virgines Ambo.

Take the common-mule beater who sat behind our *diligence* at Cuernavaca. Did I write "common?" Shame on me, for he was a poet! Listen to some of his imageries and conceive an American hackman uttering such lines!

It was on the road—not much of a road—to Capanzinco. The moon was rising to bless with the peace that passeth all understanding the lovely, blissful valley of Cuauhnahuac (Aztec for "near the mountain"). There were two fair women in our party and the eighteen-year-old mule-driver was duly impressed.

My mule-beating friend, between spasms of exhortations to the burros, took breath to gaze at one of the fair ladies. "Look at the moonlight on her face," he said, "isn't it exquisite?" And then he sighed and went on; "The American people who come here are usually old, sour and ugly, but they are beautiful virgins."

"But why *virgins*?" I asked, stupidly forgetting the religious source of his inspiration and only recalling the fact that both were mothers of fine sons.

"Ah!" he murmured, looking to the demure one, "she is the Virgin of Piety."

"And the other?" I queried.

"She?" he answered with a swift but apparently quite satisfying diagnosis, "she is the Virgin of Solitude, but with eyes of a virgin who could deceive twenty lovers!"

The mules had to be encouraged up a steep incline, and he returned to the boot of the coach. Within the *diligence* an attentive Cuban was talking with animation to one of "the virgins."

My mule-beating friend pondered and then turned to me with a question:

"Are not American husbands jealous?" As I did not reply, because it was too broad a question, he added:

"In Cuernavaca husbands are jealous."

And again, as I contemplated the difference between American divorce and Mexican marriage, he turned the subject one generation back:

"I would like to see the parents of the Virgin of Piety and the Virgin of Solitude."

But his words were the least wonderful thing about him—I wish you could have seen his eyes.

Already my mule-beater had lived and loved and suffered. Tragedy had consumed him, for at fifteen he was thrown into jail for kniving a rival for the favor of his sweetheart. He had only been out of prison for a few weeks, but in Cuernavaca there is poetry in every soul, flowers on every tongue and light in every eye.

(To be continued.)

### Then and Now.

A jack-in-the-box statesman at the capital recently pictured Washington as a rich man, and asked why the rich men were now discredited?

Well, here is a little story: After his retirement from the army, Washington, after having spent years in planning and surveying a route for a canal to improve the transportation between the Potomac and the James Rivers, was made president of the company formed to finance and finish the work. The State of Virginia, because of "his unexampled services to the public" vested in him, by unanimous vote, 150 shares of the stock. This testimonial he refused saying, "I cannot ask to subscribe and help on the enterprise in which I have a selfish interest."

Will the statesman referred to mention this incident when next he marvels why our millionaires are rated in comparison with Washington?



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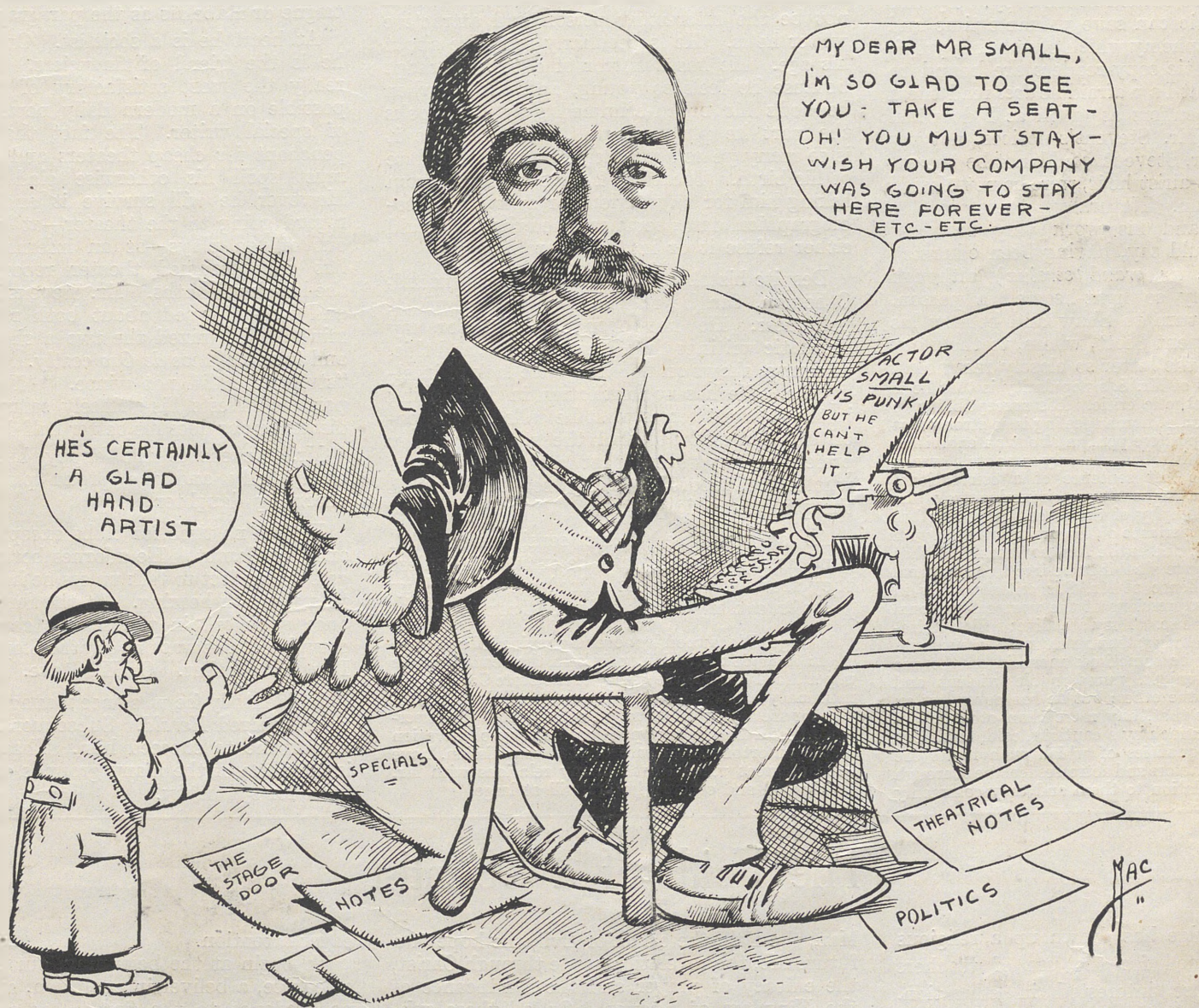
Winfield Scott  
Manager

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## Who's Who in Los Angeles

LXXXI



OTHEMAN STEVENS

For one critic to criticize another is distinct sport. But while I am quite confident I know sufficient of the drama and am possessed of the requisite judicial faculty to make my opinions of the stage of some exact value, it may sound Shavism to declare my conviction that Mr. Otheman Stevens, my good

friend of a decade's standing and at present unfortunate enough to "cover" the theaters for the local exponent of Hearstism, is no critic at all. As an apology for such denunciation, let me add that the reason that Mr. Stevens—Otheman not Ashton—is not a critic is that he is too good a fellow, too generous

and too impulsive a soul, to be one.

Mention of Shaw's name reminds me that some years ago the inimitable G. B. S. thrust his rapier into the somewhat tough, but still sensitive, hide of his chief rival-colleague, Clement Scott. In many respects Shaw's estimate of Scott might have been written



concerning Otheman Stevens. It will therefore save labor to make somewhat copious extracts from the Shaw article in the *Saturday Review* after Clement Scott had been intrepid enough to publish a volume of his "critical records."

But first let me give my own estimate of Stevens and his dramatic reporting.

Otheman Stevens is the prince of glad-handers; the high-priest of hot-air. I have sometimes questioned his sincerity. Fourth rate actresses and third rate actors never question it—he is too kind to them. I prefer to pin my faith to his extreme susceptibility and his consummate good nature, since it seems quite impossible for him to believe everything he writes. Of course one of the *sine qua nons* of typing for the Hearst papers is to transmit through gaudy words what Mr. Hearst thinks or thinks it policy to think—in order to sell papers—not what the typewriter thinks. And Mr. Stevens is very adaptable. Perhaps Mr. Stevens hypnotizes himself into thinking what he writes at the time he writes it, but frequently it would be insulting to him to imagine that in the clear, cold, light of a late breakfast his critique was the truthful verdict of his experience, his sympathy and his intelligence. Perhaps again, Mr. Stevens is wise and old enough never to read a line of his criticisms after he has once turned in his copy. By this process the critic can save valuable time and also avoid blasphemy which blundering proof-readers and idiotic copy-readers are bound to precipitate. But I am afraid he *does* read them and I hope he suffers as much as I do when I read them (Mr. Stevens's notices, not my criticisms). Mr. Stevens could not be the incomparable hot-airist he is, were he not blessed with enthusiasm. Naturally, therefore, he takes himself and his work very seriously (he himself would say, having been educated in Switzerland, *au grand sérieux*) although he is apparently so light-hearted a person.

Now let me turn to Shaw and borrow his estimate of Clement Scott, whom, to the glory of Mr. Stevens, the latter so closely resembles:

The main secret of Mr. S.'s popularity is that he is above all a sympathetic critic. His susceptibility to the direct expression of human feeling is so strong that he can write with positive passion about an exhibition which elicits from his colleagues only some stale, weary compliment in the last sentence of a conventional report, or, at best, some clever circumlocutory discussion of the philosophy of the piece. Whoever has been through the experience of, discussing criticism with a thorough, perfect, and entire Ass, has been told that criticism should above all things be free from personal feeling. The excellence of Mr. S.'s criticisms lies in their integrity of expressions of the warmest personal feeling and nothing else. They are alive; their admiration is sincere and moving; their resentment is angry and genuine. He may be sometimes maudlin on the one hand, sometimes unjust, unreasonable, violent and even ridiculous on the other; but he has never lost an inch of ground by that, any more than other critics have ever gained an inch by a cautious, cold, fastidious avoidance of the qualities of which such faults are the excesses. Our actors and actresses feel the thorough humanity of his relation to them and they commonly

say—except in those gusts of fury at some unfavorable notice in which they announce that they make it a rule never to read criticisms at all—that they would would rather be "slated" by Mr. S. than praised by colder hands.

Now for Mr. S.'s shortcomings. The most amiable of them is a desire to give pleasure and gain affectionate goodwill. This, in the absence of any provocation to the contrary, guarantees to everybody, from Sir Henry Irving down to the most friendless novice thirsting for a little encouragement, a flattering word or two in the dramatic column. No doubt he is often helpful with judicious encouragement; but he is occasionally shameless in his gratuitous kindness. This might not do any harm if he could always be depended upon to be annoyed by bad work, but unfortunately this is not the case. His extraordinary susceptibility is, as I advisedly described it, a susceptibility to the direct expression of human feeling, and to that alone. Interpose any medium between him and the moving, uttering, visible human creature, and he is insulted at once. It may be the medium of music, it may be painting, it may even be the reflective thought inspired by passion instead of the direct instinctive cry of the passion itself, no matter; the moment the substitution is effected Mr. S. loses his distinction, writes like any ordinary Philistine citizen of the ordinary artistic tastes and is crowded over by every whippersnapper in his profession whose eyes and ears and powers of abstract thinking have been trained a little by practice on the outside arts, and by an academic course of philosophy.

Mr. Stevens declares he is not sensitive. He is—happily for himself and us—one of the most sensitive men I ever knew. If it were not so, he would not be so susceptible; he would not be the interesting person and attractive writer he is. He is peculiarly sensitive about his age. He has a horror of dates. Perhaps because he feels so young, and except when he doffs his broad-brimmed gray hat, looks the part he plays so well. But because it is so many years ago he cannot recall the date of his birth. Therefore I have refrained from asking him for any curious or awkward autobiographical data, being satisfied that he would either refuse it or indulge in romance.

Despite his ubiquitous glad-hand, my friend, Otheman, can be frank beyond the limit of politeness. He has even less use for my dramatic writings than I have for his, and this, of course, shows an unpardonable lack of intelligence. He has no hesitation in denouncing in the frankest terms what he calls my "hypocritical" attitude toward the stage, and my preference for things that are clean and of wholesome report to slimy sensualities and the phonographic plays.

As an example of his sensitiveness (all good newspapermen must be emotional, unless they are in the business office) see his apology *pro vita sua* in last Tuesday's *Examiner*:

Manager Blackwood last evening revived the *Belasco News* and took occasion to inform the readers of his paper that I had been secretary of the State Commission in Lunacy at Sacramento. I cannot call for a retraction for the assertion is true. I will add that the experience that I had in that position, and my observation of the unfortunates in care of that commission, have been of great value to me in my relations with Mr. Blackwood and others who are still at large.

Why shouldn't he have been secretary to the lunacy commission? As Mr. Stevens insinuates, it is better than being a lunatic. Why, therefore, such self defense, although an admirable example of the retort courteous? Besides, Mr. Stevens made a remarkably efficient guardian of lunatics, and was doing much more good to the community than he can do by wading in theatrical slush for Mr. Hearst. Of course his service to the state was not recognized by "Weak Brother" Pardee, who remembered that Mr. Stevens had been appointed by Governor Gage and who wanted the place for a cousin or a nephew—or was it an aunt?

For the most part, however, "Ned" Stevens has stuck to his last. He began life as the only son of a distinguished Methodist minister. In the face of a worthy reverence for his father's dogmata, early in life he found Calvinism didn't agree with his digestion. Most of his orthodoxy was eradicated by his father's wisely sending him to an excellent school in Geneva, Switzerland. I have no historical data, but he was a senior of J. O. Koepfli, who despite his splendid blonde hair is no spring chicken. Mr. Stevens soon imbibed the joys of boulevardierism. He has been one ever since—both a boulevardier and a joy. He is a good French scholar and can quote Montaigne or Rabelais as the paragraph demands.

At heart he is a socialist. On the surface he is the friend of financiers. He occupies really the most satisfactory of all positions possible on a modern daily newspaper—that of special writer. The fact that he has a penchant for cheap theaters and worse plays must spoil his otherwise glad young life. However he will survive it and eventually regard going to the theater—at least to nine out of ten plays—as an infernal bore. He has only resumed theater reporting during the last few months. Mr. Stevens is interested and well-informed about both railroads and mines. He mixed the two a short time ago and found *Llanos de Oro* costly. But, though "stung" he did not wince. For the most part he invests his princely salary with rare discretion; or does his better half do it for him?

Mr. Stevens is the happy husband of a lovely lady and the proud parent of one charming daughter.

He has no time for clubs except the Sunset and the Gamut. He adorns both, and never gets on his feet to talk unless he has something to say worth hearing. At the Sunset Club he once appeared in the scanty garments of a coryphée. He was one of "the Sloppy Sisters." I was the other. O. K. Steve.

Incidentally he was once managing editor of the ill-starred *Herald*. Subsequently I had the misfortune to succeed him. That experience is only one of the many grounds on which we meet for sympathy.

## The Faith of a Scientist

Sir Oliver Lodge has drawn up a religious catechism designed for the use of teachers and of all those interested in education. It is, however, as the confession of faith of an eminent man of science rather than as a vehicle for imparting instruction that the document will interest the general public. In the form of questions and answers, Sir Oliver Lodge reveals his attitude toward all the great problems of faith. He tells us what he thinks about the existence of God, the Creation of

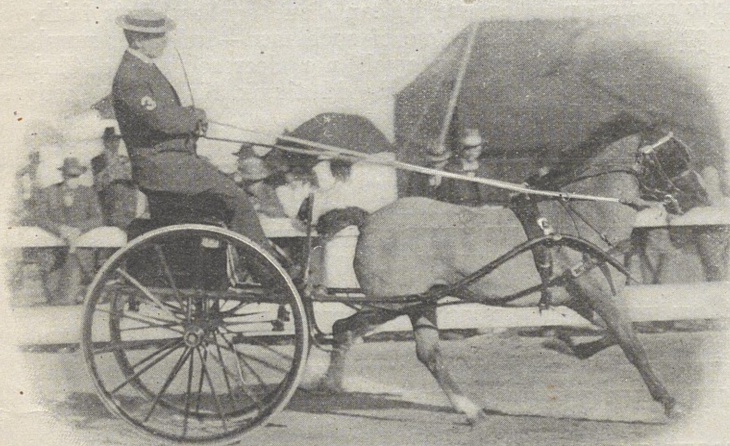
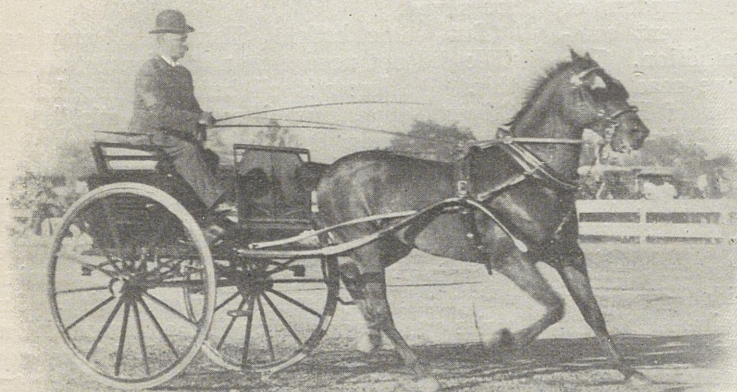
Man, the Fall, the origin of Evil, the hope of a future life, the revelation made through Christ, the efficacy of prayer and the significance of the Kingdom of Heaven. On all these subjects the ordinary man, if he thinks about religion at all, must often desire to know the opinion of a scientific specialist. How far is the creed of Christendom compatible with the conclusions of science, is a distressing question constantly at the back of many minds? No single man of science can possibly answer it; but a candid reply from such a one as Sir Oliver Lodge cannot fail to attract an

eager attention.

To begin at the beginning, our catechist is, of course, a believer in evolution, and can give no credence to the first chapter of Genesis as a historical narrative. Man, as alive and conscious upon the earth today, he tells us, has ascended with struggle and suffering from the lower forms of animal life. The Fall of Man, however, is not in his eyes a meaningless expression. "At a certain stage of development, man," he says, "became conscious of a difference between right and wrong, so that thereafter, when his actions fell



## Some of the Steppers at the Pasadena Horse Show



below a normal standard of conduct, he felt ashamed and sinful." Here the reader is seized with a great desire to stop and ask questions. What is meant by a normal standard of conduct? How can any such standard have been brought into existence by the first stab of conscience experienced by the first moral man? The difficulty of accounting for the fact that, while the moral law is unchangeable and eternal, every man must be acquitted or condemned in accordance with the conscience of his age, has led to a perhaps inevitable ambiguity. The sequel, however, is clear and convincing. "The possibility of fall marks a rise in the scale of existence," and brings us to "the distinctive character of manhood," which is "responsibility." Man has the "power of choosing between good and evil, with freedom to obey one motive rather than another."

As to what good and evil are, Sir Oliver Lodge gives us the following definitions and explanations:—"Good is that which promotes development and is in harmony with the will of God." Evil on the other hand, "retards or frustrates development and injures some part of the universe." These bits of mere definition

are the least interesting part of the catechism. So they are of the received catechisms, but in this new one they are at least short. The human and practical element is never absent for many lines. How are we to know good from evil? Sir Oliver relies in the first instance upon conscience. Man's "own nature," he says, "when uncorrupted is sufficiently in tune with the universe to enable him to be well aware in general of what is pleasing and displeasing to the guiding Spirit." Sin he regards as a necessary corollary of free will. A man commits sin when he deliberately sees the better and chooses the worst, thereby injuring himself and others. *The root of sin is selfishness.*

Here in the middle of his catechism the writer propounds the most fundamental question of all. "What caused and what maintains existence?" No categorical answer is, of course possible. The writer reverently declares the greatness of human ignorance, and clings to the divine inspiration of hope. "Of our own knowledge we are unable to realize the meaning of origination or of maintainance . . . but we conceive that there must be some Intelligence supreme over the whole

process of evolution." Vastly beyond our comprehension as this Supreme Power of necessity is, "we trust and believe that it is a good and loving Power, able and willing to help us and all creatures, and to guide us wisely, without detriment to our incipient freedom." To the goodness of God, the fact of evolution seems to Sir Oliver Lodge to point; but he

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does not base his faith entirely upon the evidence of things seen. He leaves deliberately the region of the demonstratable, and speaks of the "Grace of God," which he describes as "a Loving-kindness," which seems to surround man, "mainspring of joy and love and beauty." "It may take," he says, "a multiplicity of forms, but its essence and higher meaning were especially revealed to dwellers on this planet in the form of a divinely-human perfect life, the life of Jesus Christ, through whose spirit and loving influence the race of man may hope to rise to heights at present inaccessible."

As to the future life, while the catechist states an absolute belief therein, he offers no definite argument in its favor, though in that, and in all matters "concerning things too high for our own knowledge," he puts much confidence in the assurance of inspired men,—"the great teachers, the prophets and poets and saints of the human race." "Our terrestrial existence is," he believes, "temporary; our real existence continues without ceasing, in either a higher or a lower form, according to our use of opportunities and means of grace, and the fullness of life ultimately attainable represents a stage of perfection at present inconceivable by us." The danger of sin is here given an expression not, perhaps, in strict accordance with the ordinarily received notions of the Christian Church; but the Churches themselves express their inspired fears in many metaphorical forms, and are not sufficiently unanimous to be able to condemn an evolutionist's conception of retribution.

To the question, "What do you understand by prayer?" Sir Oliver Lodge replies: "I understand that when our spirits are attuned to the

Spirit of Righteousness, our hopes and aspirations exert an influence far beyond their conscious range, and in a true sense bring us into communion with our Heavenly Father." He does not reject the idea of prayer for temporal benefits. He believes we should ask for anything we need. "as children ask parents in a spirit of trust and submission."

The Catechism ends with an interpretation of our Lords' expression, "the Kingdom of Heaven." Almost all New Testament commentators have attempted a definition. The present writer remembers to have read none better than this. "The Kingdom of Heaven is the most essential feature of Christianity. It signifies an harmonious condition or state in which the Divine Will is perfectly obeyed; it represents the highest state of existence individual or social, that we can conceive. . . . It is the ideal state of society towards which reformers are striving; it is the ideal conscious existence towards which saints aim."

The most striking thing in this declaration of faith is that the faith declared is Christianity, and not a cold Deism. For Sir Oliver Lodge it is not enough to believe that intelligence lies behind the universe and keeps the stars in their courses. This conviction may rest upon a scientific basis, may one day perhaps be demonstrably proved, but it is, and must always remain, an intellectual rather than a religious conviction. It gives to those who believe it no sense of safety, none of sympathy, none of forgiveness, none of hope. For all these things we must look to revelation and not to reason, to inspiration and not to investigation. In doing so Sir Oliver Lodge appears to think that we violate no scientific principle. It is faith, not knowledge, by which

we are brought into communion with God. That the words are wonderfully made is but little consolation in the troubles of life. Christ, speaking by the Spirit of God, assured mankind of their sonship. There is no witness of the spirit. Yet science, Sir Oliver Lodge implies, has nothing to say against them, and certainly it is by the things of the Spirit that both characters and communities are saved.

But some ardent Churchman may say: "We did not need a man of science to tell us this. We knew it all before. Why has Sir Oliver Lodge caused so much stir?" This point of view is surely ungracious. It is always, humanly speaking, something of an event when wise men come to worship Christ. The fact of their homage is of more importance to the Churches than the details of their reasoning. There are many religious minds which can only find rest in authority. Centuries ago the authority of the Church sufficed them. A dim sense that she had knowledge on her side quieted their doubts and left them able to serve God in peace. Nowadays they feel that the Church has no monopoly of knowledge. They even suspect that "Authority" has changed her residence and is with the men of science. A voice from the other camp confessing that essential Christianity which they ardently desire to believe, and do diligently practice, but the truth of which is too often overshadowed for them by a suspicion that the scientific men do not believe it, can alone confirm their faith. In the name of such men—and their number is neither small nor decreasing—the Christian Churches should thank Sir Oliver Lodge.—*The Spectator.*

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LOS ANGELES, FEB. 20, 1907.

J. F. SARTORI, President.

RANDOLPH H. MINER, Secretary.

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 DUQUE, T. L.—Capitalist.  
 ELLIS & CHURCH—Real Estate.  
 ELLIS, H. BERT—Physician.  
 FRANK, H. W.—Pres. Harris & Frank.  
 FISHBURN, J. E.—Pres. National Bank of California.  
 GATES, C. W.—Director First National Bank.  
 GRAY, HARRY—Capitalist.  
 GARLAND, W. M.—Real Estate.  
 HELLMAN, M. S.—V. P. Security Savings Bank.  
 HAYNES, J. R.—Physician.  
 HICKS, F. S.—Insurance.  
 HUGHES, WEST—Capitalist.  
 ISAACS BROTHERS CO.—Unique Cloak & Suit House.

JOHNSON, O. T.—Banker.  
 JEVNE, E.—Grocer.  
 LONGYEAH, W. D.—Cashier Security Savings Bank.  
 LINDLEY, J. T.—Supt. Azusa Foothills Citrus Co.  
 LUNT, E. G.—Broker.  
 McVAY, W. E.—V. P. German-American Savings Bank.  
 MARSHALL, E. J.—Pres. Chino Land Co.  
 MINER, RANDOLPH H.—Capitalist.  
 MILBANK, ISAAC—Capitalist.  
 NEWMARK, M. H.—Vice-Pres. M. A. Newmark & Co.  
 O'MELVENY, H. W.—Attorney.  
 PRICE, W. C.—Capitalist.  
 POTTER, MILO M.—Pres. Potter Hotel Co.  
 POINDEXTER, R. W.—Real Estate.  
 ROWAN, R. A.—Real Estate.  
 ROBINSON, H. M.—Pres. Blinn-Robinson Co.  
 ROGERS, R. I.—Cashier National Bank of California.  
 ROSS, A.—Gen. Mgr. City Gas Co. of Los Angeles.  
 SARTORI, J. F.—Pres. Security Savings Bank.  
 STIMSON, E. T.—Capitalist.  
 SALE, L. D.—V. P. Western Wholesale Drug Co.  
 TOLL, C. H.—Cashier Southern California Savings Bank.  
 TUFTS & LYON—Tufts-Lyon Arms Co.  
 TRIPPET, O. A.—Attorney.  
 WILCOX ESTATE.  
 WILCOX, A. H.—Capitalist.  
 WOOLWINE, W. D.—V. P. National Bank of California.  
 WILSON, P. E.—Attorney.



## Reasons for Doing So and Otherwise

### XI

Last Sunday the Advocate was asked to luncheon at Santa Monica, to meet Fanny Larkspur and a few of her cronies. When the meal was over it was proposed by Mrs. Fetchemoop that we take a stroll on the beach, which was agreed to by a few of the guests. The air was soft and coolly-warm, having a touch of the languorous heat of summer, with a hint of wintry days in an occasional puff of a sharper breeze from the sea. The breakers came in leisurely and the bosom of the ocean seemed to rise and fall in gentle cradlings, inviting an argosy from distant shores.

"Oh for gossamer wings to flee to the utmost parts of the earth!" cried Fanny Larkspur as she sank on a comfortable hunk of sand. "Don't you ever get tired of your friends, and your duties, and your fun? How I should like to quit it all for a time. To be perfectly spontaneous and free to do and say just what I liked for a few days; to meet a band of angels and say what I thought of them to their faces. I fear it is only angels who would listen to my remarks concerning them if I said what I honestly thought."

"I must be an angel then," said Mustapha de Vere, "for I always listen encouragingly to all that you have to say. Some of the remarks you have made to me at times were not distinguished by their reserve. They seemed to me too honest. Perhaps you would like me to accompany you for a few days to this Land-of-do-as-you-please?"

"No thank you!" promptly objected Mrs. Larkspur. "One can speak as frankly to the devil as to an angel—only for different reasons. I do not estimate you as among the angels. I am making no unkind intimations, please understand. When I go on my expedition of freedom, I mean to go alone."

"One does want a place of refuge, sometimes," observed Mrs. Fetchemoop. "One's bed-chamber is not all that is required. I wonder if that is not the quest of the somnambulist; a place of relinquishments. We are so imprisoned by pretense."

"There is a mysterious island of St. Brandon, you know," said the Advocate, "somewhere in the Indian ocean, where there lodges only Truth. It is said to be almost wholly submerged by oceans of falsehood. Fleets and single ships have sailed to explore it, but those vessels which safely return only bring back a small cargo of real enlightenment. The currents and storms in the Indian ocean seem to be of such a character that most of the chests of treasure have to be jettisoned before the daring mariners come to port. Perhaps it is for this fabled isle of St. Brandon that Mrs. Lockspur wishes to embark? Homer lived there as well as others, we are told."

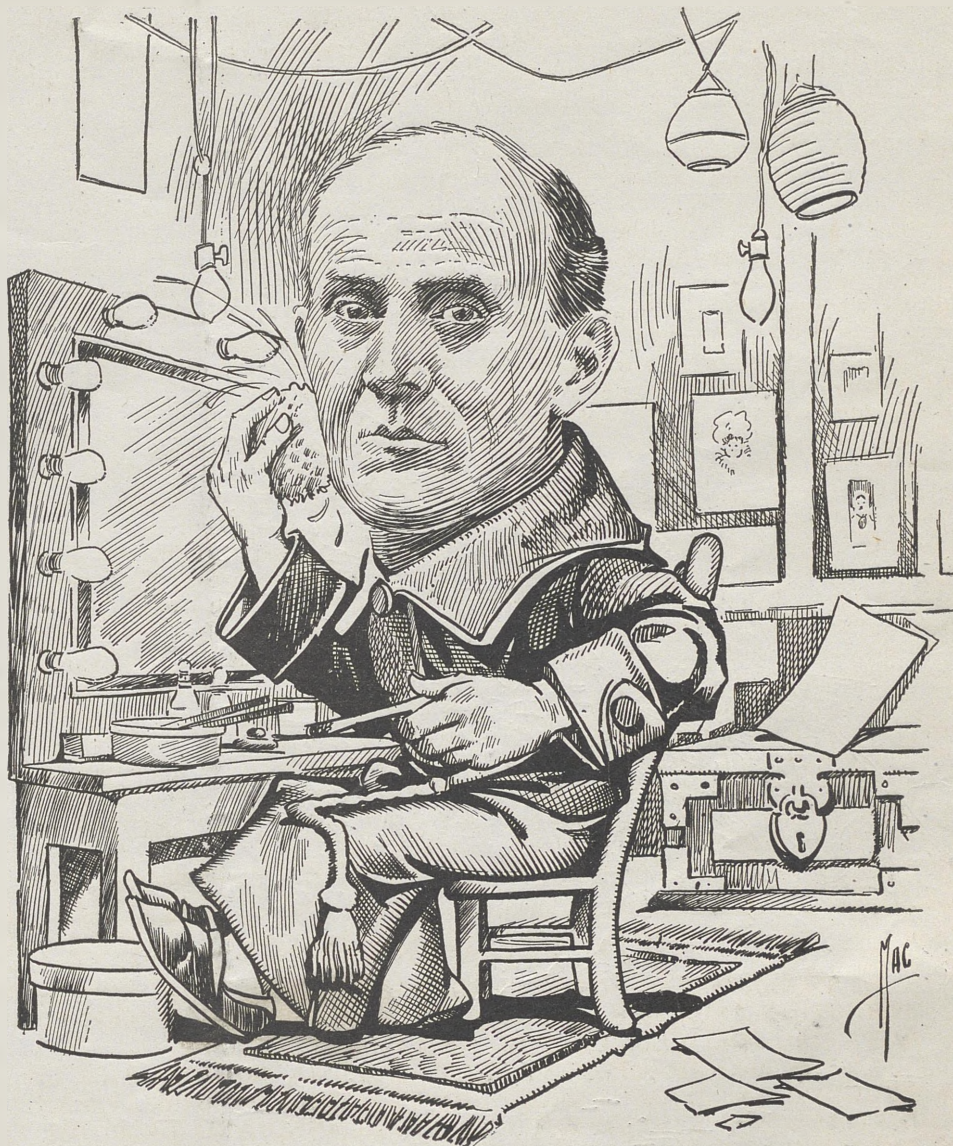
"Oh I don't care about the name of the place," cried Mrs. Larkspur. "These soft and spring-like days make me homesick for I don't know what. For something I wot of, I suppose: for a land of 'Don't pretend.' I get so sick of the game of tact we all pride ourselves on the playing. To hate you without your guessing it is our highest conception of good breeding. I should like to go to a place where if I met a good looking man coming down the street I could run up to him unopposedly like a child and throw my arms around his neck and say 'You are a dear.'"

"I should like that land too", murmured Mustapha in an aside.

"Then, being in the land of 'Don't-Pretend,'"

## George W. Barnum

Actor, Director, Artist and Gentleman



A monster testimonial performance is to be given in Mr. Barnum's honor at the Belasco Theater next Tuesday afternoon, prior to his departure for New York. For particulars see "By the Way."

continued Mrs. Larkspur, "he would say 'Don't bother me,' or 'get out' or something honest and frank like that. I am never sure of the sincerity of my husband's sentiments toward me except when he swears at me."

"I shudder at these glimpses of domestic felicity," groaned Mustapha, "I should never dare to swear at my wife if I had one. I hope that you will remember that and recommend me accordingly."

"You will have to be known as Mrs. de Vere's husband then," said Fanny scornfully. "No man makes a good husband, or even a good boarder, who cannot boss his wife and his landlady. A man who does just as a woman likes is always despised. A man who does not bully his wife does not care for her. Every bruise is a sign of the ties that bind. A woman of an even palor all over, without any black and blue to relieve the monotony of her tints, is quite unloved and unlovable. Who could console a tearless woman? Without the consolation prize what is the good in loving anybody?"

"What kind of men do you expect to find in the 'Land-of-Don't-Pretend' whither you are going?" asked Mrs. Fetchemoop, "a sort of social pugilists—the destroyers of all courtesies except those of fear. You can't be free and be bossed at the same time—a conqueror of timidities is not a man to set one free."

"I am looking for the kind of man you never see on land or sea," sighed Fanny Larkspur. "The paragon of all the gaities, whose demeanor is always so attractive that you can share all his vices with him without finding any harm in them. The kind of a man you always hope that your latest acquaintance may be but the kind of man he never really is. That is why we like to travel so much. We think to find in the mountains of Hungary or in the caverns of Karnac a man who knows himself and you, willingly. I am bound by the things I dare not tell you that I am. I should like to play 'hooky': to escape my schooling if only for a day: a day to end without repentance. Mrs. Fetchemoop, my dear, let us jump into that boat with that good looking bare legged fisherman over there and tell him to sail and sail over the seas until he comes to the Land-of-being-as-you-are."

"You can be as you are, right here," laughed Mustapha. "No one will mind. I am tough. The Advocate is a lawyer accustomed to unveiling all sorts of depravity. Mrs. Fetchemoop, my dear, let us jump into that boat with that good looking bare legged fisherman over there and tell him to sail and sail over the seas until he comes to the Land-of-being-as-you-are."

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# At the Coronado Polo Tournament



"Sunny Jim" (W. S. Hobart) Burlingame back and the Dean (M. Edwin Flowers), Riverside No. 1  
 Drawn by Capt. George L. Waring

The above picture is of the celebrated polo player, W. S. Hobart, who has been connected with all kinds of amateur sports from his boyhood days, and is still going well and strong; and also of the no less celebrated—but without so extended an experience—M. E. Flowers.

Last year at Coronado, Hobart played back for the all-conquering Burlingame team and Flowers played number one for the many times successful Riverside team. Mr. Hobart is now of considerable presence, and as he rode on that occasion, very big horses, and Mr. Flowers, very small ponies, the latter did not have much "show." At the time a contemporary daily remarked: "Mr. Hobart's weight (above and below the saddle) was altogether

too much for Mr. Flowers, and his small ponies." "The Dean" bestrode a good little pony that he has had for a long time, called *Satan*. Perhaps the combination of rider and horse was not just right. Anyhow, when "Sunny Jim" on his imported Irish charger got up against him he was a very meek kind of a devil—satan I mean—though "The Dean" was by no means meek but particularly strenuous.

Walter Hobart has a record that has probably never been beaten. At the First Pony and Horse Race Meeting, at Monterey, he rode every winner on the card. And this included two jump races.

Mr. Flowers is a first class polo player and improves all the time.

moop is always charitable and condoning. What chance for you to reveal the holes in your character to a number of friends who will be glad to help you patch it up again."

"You are simply horrid," exclaimed Mrs. Larkspur, "just as old friends always are. That is why a prophet has so dreary a time in his own country; his friends never see him

on the mountain tops but only in the slums of his own aspirations."

"Travel seems to me to be studded with discomfort," remarked the Advocate. "Although I try to love the man who stands on his head at the antipodes I do not know that I care to go there to keep him company."

"Have you explored all the continents of

emotion so thoroughly that you have no desire to investigate further feeling?" asked Mrs. Fetchemoop. "Why does anyone else go anywhere? Mr. de Vere, why did you come to California?"

"Kind lady, I came here for mischief's sake," confessed Mustapha cheerfully. "I came here to do everything disgraceful that I could think of. Twenty years ago the coast offered the best opportunities for prodigal living. Puritanism seems to be napping on the shores of the Pacific, when I was seeking a territory for my exploits into the devil's domain. I have accomplished my purpose. I am personally acquainted with the forbidden fruits. There is nothing quite bad enough to be worth while doing any more. I am quite satisfied and without remorse. Having fulfilled my wish, there is no reason why I should not return to my native land of egregious respectability. But I do not find it needful. Respectability has overtaken me here. Los Angeles is now as proper and pharisaical as Canterbury."

"Sweet angel," said Mrs. Larkspur. "Does your nurse put you to bed at five o'clock?"

"Have you a grudge against decency?" inquired the Advocate. "Certainly some rules of conduct are necessary."

"The only unpardonable vice that I have found is my respectability," said Mustapha. "People prefer it to a more spontaneous social combustion because it is cheaper, not because it is nicer. A man's growth in virtue depends upon his dwindling income. One does not grow pious on more cakes and ale, but on less. I, however, am good for the pure love of it."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Fanny Larkspur, jumping up. "Let's go home at once. I greatly fear that Mr. de Vere is going to die. Are you a brand from the burning? How nice it must feel to be so good!"

"I will dawdle a little with you if you wish it," politely offered Mustapha. "It is not civil to outstrip a lady in virtue."

"How kind you are!" said Fanny. "I would not tarnish your ways for the world. Come, Mrs. Fetchemoop, let us leave these gentlemen and go to the lolly-pop shop, there to try to sweeten our chagrins."

"By what car shall we go back to the city?" asked the Advocate.

"Oh, by Westgate," cried Fanny. "It is so much prettier that way."

"Very well, we will meet you at the station in half an hour," agreed the Advocate, raising his hat.

## THE TIMID ADVOCATE.

### BLUE MOONSHINE.

(The Latest Thing in Anaesthetics.)

So chloroform has had its day,  
 Ether and gas lie sunk in night;  
 Henceforth a patient's sense away  
 They'll take with blue electric light.

Nor on the operating board,  
 Nor in the dentist's chair you'll blanch  
 But, pain of severed limb ignored,  
 Unfelt the pang of molar's wrench,

You'll lie, as in a peaceful sleep,  
 Enraptured by celestial dreams,  
 The while your steadfast gaze you keep  
 Upon those pure cerulean beams.

Or, so they say. They may be right;  
 No certain means have I to tell.  
 But why use artificial light?  
 Why not make nature serve as well?

If that they'll do, I'll let them prove  
 On me their novel theory true,  
 And any part of me remove  
 By light—for preference moonlight—blue.  
 —Truth.



## By the Way

Just as was to be feared, the cause of state division is being made to suffer from the advocacy of fool friends. The *Express*, which rides its anti-railroad and purity hobbies into

any thing which it champions, **Fool Friends.** would have it understood that state division is an anti-railroad and purity scheme. What rubbish! It is founded deeper than the Earlian likes and dislikes; it is the natural demand of a people radically different from the people of the northern section, for an independent and separate state life. The reasons, at this end of the state, appear valid and sufficient. It is not certain that an enabling act is required from the legislature or that a vote is required by the people of the state. An enabling act passed in 1857 is already in existence and is not repealed. The next step, it appears to me, would be to bring the matter up in Congress

The *San Francisco Chronicle* is angry at the movement. Commenting on the division the *Chronicle* says:

It is sufficiently evident that no such reason (the dominance of the railroad) would be assigned for setting up a new state until the present legislature has been dispersed long enough for the people to forget the complete subservieny of the members from the southern counties to the crack of the corporation whip. Until all that has been completely forgotten the dominance of the railroads will never be seriously alleged as a cause of separation. It is, of course, evident that no separation can be had without the consent of the main body of the state—the counties concerned having but a little more than one fifth of the total population.

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While it is not considered as a matter of great consequence whether the southern counties stay in or get yet we doubt whether consent to the separation could be obtained without years of costly agitation. It has never yet been made to appear that there is a majority for secession in the counties which it is proposed shall secede. If they were to go they would of course be compelled to leave the name "California" behind them, for no one in this part of the state would even consider the proposition of having the name "California" applied as part of any other state in the Union. We here, live in California. We do not intend to move out of it into "north" or any other kind of California. Nor shall we ever consent to allow any other state to make use of the noble word in its title.

All of which is entertaining but not especially consequential. The question naturally arises, "when, where and how," did that section of the state north of the Tehachipi acquire a first mortgage on the exclusive use of the word "California." Certainly not by prior settlement by whites, for the padres were in San Diego six years before they were at San Francisco. The south is entitled to that word as much as the north; but we prefer it with the qualify ingadjective "Southern."

Just as a feeler, this suggestion is thrown out. Arizona has made a valiant and splendid struggle for single statehood. It has resisted—and successfully—even such powerful influence as the President could wield, to force an alliance with New Mexico. The chief objection raised by Arizona to joint statehood is that the American population does not care to be yoked with the Spanish-American-Indian majority of New Mexico. To joining the proposed state of Southern California no such objection could be raised. What is the matter with splitting Arizona, adding the western half to the new state of Southern California and joining the eastern section to New Mexico? This is just a suggestion for Southern California is not really ambitious to go beyond the Colorado river. Yet the idea may serve to make the rough places smooth. Arizona could raise no objection, at least, to such an alliance.

### Barnum Testimonial.

George Barnum's testimonial performance next Tuesday afternoon, at the Belasco Theater will be a "corker"—the best program is only good enough for the best. The executive committee consisting of Joseph Scott, chairman; J. J. Byrne, John Blackwood, G. Fred Heer, E. B. Tufts and Louis Vetter, treasurer; have been working like beavers and are being loyally supported by a general committee of over a hundred citizens who have interested themselves in the success of the benefit and have undertaken the sale of tickets. Seats are being sold at the Belasco Theater, at C. C. Parker's book store, at Ed. Hookstratton's and Ellis Cohen's cigar stands. This (Friday) afternoon at 4 o'clock, the boxes, loges and other choice seats will be auctioned off at the Belasco Theater, Joseph Scott wielding the hammer.

The most entertaining program ever presented in Los Angeles is promised, ranging from grand opera to ten minute talks by George Ade and the Rev. "Bob" Burdette, eminent humorists of the twentieth and nineteenth centuries respectively. Henry Russell, the impressario of the San Carlo Opera Company, has promised generous assistance, and himself will accompany Miss Alice Neilsen in Tolstoy's *Good-bye*. Umberto Sarchetti, the tenor, will sing a solo and Mr. Russell has something else up his sleeve. Harry Mestayer and Miss Van Buren from the Burbank Stock Company will be seen in a one-act play called



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*Silence.* John W. Burton, also of Mr. Morosco's forces will pay *An Artist's Tribute to an Actor*. Antonio Apache will provide a musical sketch of his own, both words and music. He will appear in Apache costume—almost as God made him. The Scottish Rite Quartette will contribute a number. From the Orpheum will come Charles E. Evans & Co. and Lee Harrison.

Ferullo's band will probably open the bill, the Ladies's Orchestra has also been asked to assist, and acts will be supplied by the Belasco and the Ferris Stock Companies, by Madge Carr Cook in *Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch*; by Henry Stockbridge and Fay Bainter, by Bessie Buskirk, a recitation by William Desmond and a vocal solo by Caroline von Zengon, accompanied by Miss May Orcutt.

Mr. Barnum, himself will appear in George Ade's one-act play, *Marse Covington*, if the manuscript arrives in time for rehearsal.

#### Reformers and Reforming.

To the chagrin of the "unco, guid" who desire to regulate the lives and habits of all other people on the lines that they themselves prefer, the Eshelman bill to abolish horse racing—the elimination of betting would be tantamount to the abolition of race tracks—received its quietus in the State Senate this week. If Mr. E. Tobias Earl, and other reformed gamblers and confidence men will realize, once and for all, that American citizens cannot and will not be reformed by prohibitory legislation—whether as to what they shall eat or what they shall put on (themselves or the "ponies")—and, instead of misdirecting their energies toward futile goals, endeavor to educate the people to reform themselves, they may accomplish some good in the world instead of perpetually displaying their inanity

and impotence and exposing themselves to the scorn of men who think straight. As to Ascot, if St. Tobias honestly desires that young men and maidens be protected from the game that in his youth he himself enjoyed, let him employ the cleverest sporting writer in the country, pay him a decent salary and add to his staff an honest detective. Then let these persons *investigate* the rottenness of, let us say, Ascot—the crooked schemes that are notorious there, the domination of a single bookmaker; let him publish full and accurate reports of such schemes and thefts as the *La Gloria-Bribery* race, and thus provide a warning that will be of value to people who are still possessed of the insane delusion that they can "bump" the "bookies" at their own game.

#### "Skin" Games at Ascot.

The casual visitor to the race track knows nothing of existing conditions and only a few of the regular patrons ever "get next" to all the angles of the game. This is not at all surprising, for the Ascot ring can give cards and spades to the cleverest operators on Wall street and have much less trouble in fooling the public. Indeed, never was any gambling device comparable with the game as practiced at Ascot this season. It is possible, and frequently happens, that the Ascot operators invent opportunities to completely change conditions of a race even up to the moment the horses leave the paddock. At least this is the experience of an experienced agent employed by the *Graphic* throughout the present season at Ascot. For instance, take the *La Gloria-Bribery* case already referred to. *La Gloria* was to all purposes the best horse in the race and led into the stretch by lengths but the "wise" money was all on *Bribery* and *La Gloria* was deliberately pulled, under the

wire, by Jockey Finn. Whereupon Judge Ed Cole lost not a second in flashing out the official result, to the outrage of the crowd and for the financial security of the wise ones. Finn was suspended, and the farce of ordering bookmakers' sheets into the hands of the judges was performed. The inspection of bookmakers sheets is a farce because any shrewd bookmaker can cover up his tracks by "doctoring" his sheets. There never was a quicker official flash of winner than Judge Cole made on this occasion. Finn? Well the chances are that he is suffering no financial loss. Now for *La Gloria*. Up to the first of the season this horse, which is the quickest "breaker" at the track, was owned by bookmaker John Atkins but on account of some newspaper talk concerning the bookmaker-owner combination at Ascot, whereby it was charged that bookmakers' horses were run to suit the condition of the books, Atkins concluded that it was policy to dispose of his string. Since that time *La Gloria* has been raced as being owned by Hughie Jones, another bookmaker. But according to common report, *La Gloria* is actually owned by one, "Dick" Williams, who gained an unsavory reputation through the racing of his horse, *Arraghgowan* at Emeryville, not long ago. He was ordered away from the track in consequence.

#### Judges' Orders and their Execution.

From the observations of the *Graphic's* agent who has had wide experience at race tracks and is both conservative and reliable I am convinced that collusion between bookmaker and owner or trainer or jockey is of daily occurrence. That there is truth in his reports is confirmed by the rulings of the judges who, frequently this season, have suspended or fined jockeys for suspicious rides given

# WIELAND'S BEER

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heavily played horses. In some instances owners have been warned away from the track for rank reversals of form in their horses' performances. This "warning off" of suspended or convicted racing men has again amounted to little this season. For instance, take the case of R. I. Miller, owner of the horse, *Round Dance*, who ran a disgraceful race not long ago. Judge Hamilton ruled Miller and his stable off the turf. A notice was posted conspicuously in the paddock to this effect. Nevertheless, Miller was allowed the freedom of the premises as usual. Are these rulings merely superficial and intended as a blind for the public which makes daily pilgrimages to the track to wager its good money? If not, why are they not enforced? Judge Hamilton is not supposed to act as policeman as well as judge, and since his attention was called by the *Graphic*, last Wednesday, to the condition, Miller has been actually kept off. But there is certainly something rotten in Denmark. Who is running the track? What is Col. J. W. Brooks's authority and responsibility? What is John M. Glerish's authority? I cannot believe that so fine a gentleman and sportsman as Col. Hamilton, of Kentucky, makes rulings to be broken and to create misrule. In this connection, I will add that in four seasons at Ascot, no bookmaker has been suspended, or otherwise disciplined. Certain bookmakers are responsible for most of the crooked jobs. Does the fact that they contribute so large a *per diem* fee to the Ascot Association apologize for their protection?

#### "Deadened" by "Bookies."

To those "in the know" it is a fact that in many races certain horses are "deadened" to the "books;" that is, the "bookies" are duly advised that certain horses in the race about to be run are either not in condition—"not up to their race"—or will not "try." In that event the "bookie" can take in the public's money to a "fare-you-well" and make his book accordingly. However do not get a mistaken idea into your head that bookmaking is a "cinch."



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#### Honesty and Politics.

It appears as if Mr. Abe Ruef had managed to escape state prosecution indefinitely, for he has adroitly got his case hung up in the federal courts, which offer indefinite delays to those alleged offenders who have money enough to secure "good" lawyers. Ruef and Schmitz, if they are what they are said to be, are simply ephemeral blemishes, for dishonesty is certain to fail in the long run. I would commend, however, to my friends who wish to institute reforms of permanent worth, my very good and respected, likewise respectable friend, Walter F. Parker. Mr. Parker is an honest man, Mr. Parker is a capable man, Mr. Parker is today the most dangerous man in the state of California. He does not permit the treasuries to be looted; as a rule his choice of officials for the people results in fairly good bureaucrats, and Mr. Parker is satisfied that he is patriotic and believes himself to be a good man and working for what is right. On the contrary, Mr. Parker is working for the very worst features in our political system. The interests which support Mr. Parker, and for whom he devotes the efforts of his big brain, are the causes of the presence of the anarchist, the nihilist, the wilder, more radical socialist and are the breeders of a class hatred. Mr. Parker as a representative solely of Mr. Harri-man's interests in California, directs our councils, our supervisors, our legislatures and, indirectly, our courts. Why, Mr. Ruef could continue to pilfer San Francisco indefinitely with infinitely less harm to the country and to the next generation of citizens than results from Mr. Parker's position as political dictator in one year. Personally, I admire Mr. Parker very much; I believe that if my vote alone would make him governor or senator he would have it, for I have implicit confidence in his honesty, and every one acknowledges his ability. But I am only a theoretical reformer. You fellows who know all about political purity, and who venerate the "people" should organize and get after Mr. Parker. The honest, capable boss is infinitely more harmful than the poor fool who steals a few hundred thousands of dollars.

A tea treat, "Tea Kettle Tea."

#### Gillett on the Cross.

Is Governor Gillett the untainted hero, the Sir Galahad of politics, he was painted by Gen. Otis's deputy editors last November and by other press agents of the Southern Pacific Railway? A few days will prove.

Is he the simple, stalwart woodsman, the unsophisticated purist, the modest but magnificent flower in the footsteps in the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln, which the rhapsodists of the *Times* depicted him last fall?

Alas! Last fall! While the "General" was dallying with his typewriter on the classic banks of the Rubicon, while the mailed fist of the Southern Pacific at Santa Cruz was still deemed innocuous by such guileless observers as Harry Chandler and Harry Andrews.

Governor Gillett is now on the cross of his convictions and his obligations. The nails of Union Labor escape him, and the *Times* warmly congratulates him. Will the spear of Abe Ruef pierce his side and will the sword of William F. Herrin pass him by?

Let us hope for the best.

#### Graft and Incompetency.

This from the *Graphic's* legislative correspondent:

"I have no definite idea as to just when the present session of the legislature will end, but we are all thoroughly wearied by it, and if the press throughout the state is to be believed,

The

## John M. C. Marble Company.

Main Corridor, H. W. Hellman Bldg.  
Los Angeles.

We loan money on improved city real estate.

Our loans are made only after careful examination into the value and character of property, and legality of title.

We do not act as brokers, but loan our own money, hence are in a position to act promptly when a loan is approved.

JOHN E. MARBLE, President;  
J. E. FISHBURN, Treasurer;  
WM. CAREY MARBLE;  
R. F. DAVIS, Secretary;  
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Chairman of the Board.

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HERE YOU WILL FIND  
GRADUATE PHARMACISTS  
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PURE DRUGS AND  
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FROM THE WORLD'S LEADING  
MANUFACTURERS

We Please Particular People

### "The Best in the Deck"

"A ROYAL FLUSH"

[That's what Connoisseurs

[think of]

**Jackson  
Club**

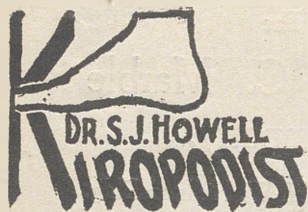
The Whisky upon which all  
America has long bestowed  
its full praise and patronage.

**LEON ESCALLIER**

Agent 500 Aliso street

A 7522 Main 653





Corns, Bunions and  
Ingrowing Nails  
Successfully treated.  
Suite 20-21 Ramona  
Building  
305 1/2 S. Spring  
For appointment  
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## Open the Entire Year BYRON HOT SPRINGS Cure Rheumatism

Natural Hot Salt Water Springs and the only  
genuine Peat Baths in America.  
Hotel unsurpassed, delightful and restful en-  
vironment. Rates reasonable. For information  
write manager, Byron Hot Springs, Cal., or  
any S. P. Agent.

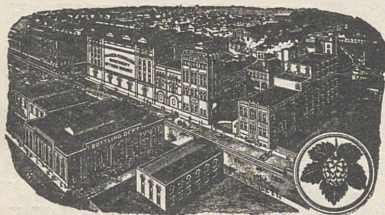
DRINK

**Maier & Zobelein Brewery**

(Incorporated)

LAGER BEER

HOME  
INDUSTRY  
KEEPS  
MONEY  
AT HOME



Both Phones 91

444 Aliso Street

Los Angeles

the good people of California are unanimous in the opinion that as far as what is being accomplished here is concerned, representative government in this end of our glorious country is not altogether a howling success. Seriously, if all the things done here during the past seven weeks, and some of the things left undone, were to be spread broadcast, folks back beyond the Mississippi river basin would open their eyes in holy horror.

"For instance, the chief clerk in the state senate received a letter from the same officer in the upper house of the Washington state legislature, in which the writer had occasion to remark that the total number of senate employees in the Puget Sound commonwealth is thirty-six, as against ten times as many in California.

"In Washington state, the chief clerk of the senate is paid \$6 a day. Here the per diem is \$8, with other legislative salaries in about the same proportion. In Washington, the pay of members of the two houses is \$5 a day. Here it is \$8, and the proposal to increase the sum in this state to \$1,000 for a session will again be submitted to the voters in 1909. It was defeated by an overwhelming sentiment in November.

"Along similar lines, the proposal to increase the pay of state officers also again will be submitted in the next election, and it should carry. Imagine, if you can, the attorney-general of California being paid the handsome allowance of \$250 a month, as against the salary conceded by say, for instance, the Southern Pacific Company. I have no way of knowing just what is the pay of W. F. Herrin, but if the amount is less than \$40,000 I am missing my guess. Yet the attorney-general of the state is expected to hold his own with the best legal brains in the commonwealth. Is it any wonder that a cow country lawyer usually is elected as the state's chief law officer? The big corporations do not want a change. The present conditions suit Mr. Herrin and those who like him thrive as a result."

### Change of Capital.

"So we are to have a whack at the capital

removal idea, and while the matter is not altogether one that will commend itself to people of conservatism, it perhaps is best that we should endure the discussion on the subject that crops up here every two years. In that connection, I am not capable of reading the signs of the times if this capital removal scheme does not in the end annihilate the republican state machine. The story that Sacramento is being punished for the big Bell majority will not down, and while I take little stock in such a yarn, others, who profess to have proof of the charge, are very positive. If it really is founded on fact, then I am surprised that my old college chum, Walter F. Parker, and his capable aide, the Hon. Jeremiah Terence Burke, of San Francisco, should have permitted the plot to thicken, as presumably it has. I think that the gun in the capital change, as proposed, was loaded with ammunition much more productive of results than pique at the good folks of this city. And unless I am mistaken the real story will develop long before the contracts for the proposed new state buildings have been let."

### Cass Thanks Parker.

It is up to Governor Gillett to show his hand and by the time this issue of the *Graphic* has reached its subscribers, we will know just where the governor is aligned. He had no opportunity to show his hand in the appointment of the new Los Angeles Normal School, as Mr. A. B. Cass already was decided on, when the name of Robert N. Bulla was submitted for the place. To Walter F. Parker, by the way, the new appointee largely is indebted for the honor conferred upon him.

### Sine Qua Non.

I told you a year ago that Corney Pendleton would be collector of the port, for Walter Parker had said so. *Vox populi vox Parkeri.*

### Twins?

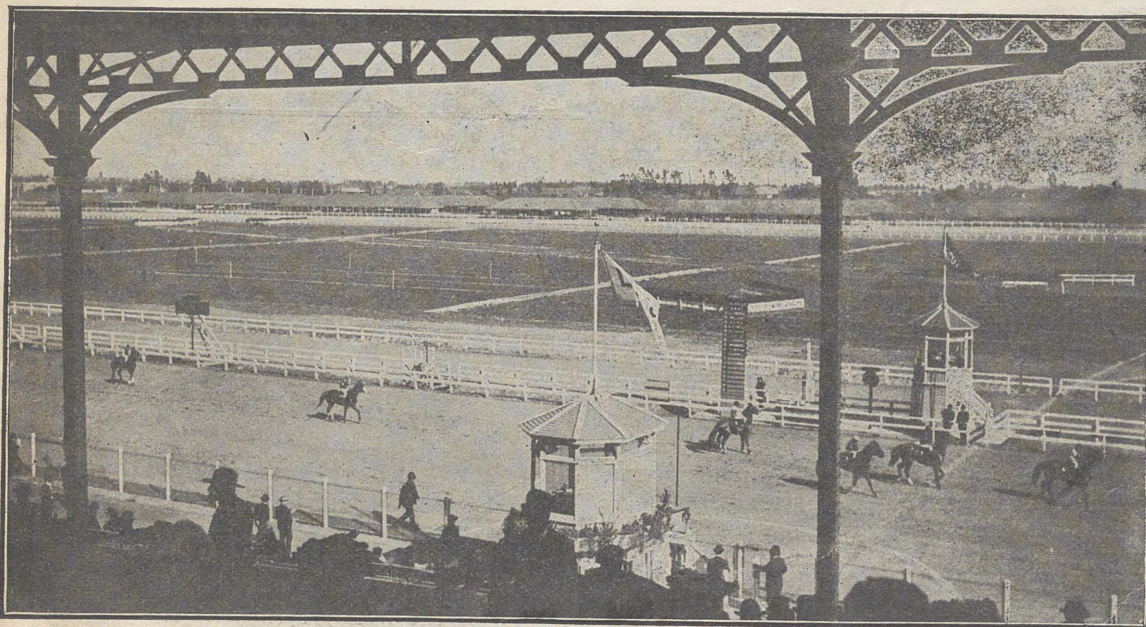
**LOST**—A young man about town named Guy Barham. When last seen he was attired in a rainbow and a hopeful smile. He has not been seen by his friends for several months, and it is feared that the best is about to happen to him.

### In One Night.

Miss Florence Barker, of this city, a girl not yet twenty, on Monday evening at the Auditorium, made a notable debut as a professional actress. Miss Barker was discovered by Mannie Lowenstein, who finally, after many efforts, induced Manager Ferris to give her a try-out. Miss Barker, in one night, stepped successfully from the amateur to the professional ranks. If she keeps from letting her pretty head swell, she will go far quickly.

### Russell's Press Agent.

It is my misfortune that I have not met the press agent of the San Carlo Opera Company, but he is certainly a *lallapalooah*. Perhaps he derives his inspirations from the same source as does the fair Alice Neilsen! Does he draw from the same rich fount of imagination, at once poetic and efflorescent, that is so characteristic of the San Carlans' impressario—Henry Russell? Wonderfully glittering, indeed, and most effective has been the work of Mr. Press Agent during the last two weeks. That Chicago Auditorium fire story with the Alice Neilsen-Star Spangled Banner accompaniment was certainly a corker, and quite good enough for a "first page story," the proud position which it won in both the *Times* and *Examiner* Sunday morning, February 24. I do not discredit the facts at all, but the whole night was so well arranged that it might have



# ASGOTT PARK

FOURTH SEASON

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907

The Santa Monica Stakes. A Sweepstakes for 2-year-olds. \$1000 added. Five furlongs.

Six good Races every week-day. Stakes every Saturday. The best class of horses that ever visited the coast. A high-class sport for high-class people. Admission \$1. First race at 1:40



been rehearsed. Alice Neilsen fears nothing, from the fiercest caballos in Tom Williams's stud to Henry Russell's most dulcet insinuations, and the talented little lady tells me that she actually did faint when it was all over. I asked her how she spelt it, and she warmly denied my suggestion that the smoke from the O. P. wings was only Henry Russell's breath. But I really wonder what Mr. Press Agent's "dope" is, or what he eats for dinner of a Saturday night, for it is at the end of the week that he breaks out in fresh and efflorescent hues. Of course space in the Sunday papers is best—at least the ordinary unsuspecting advertiser is wont to think so. Last Saturday night, Mr. Press Agent—or was it really Mr. Russell?—after supping on nightingales' tongues and a bottle of absinthe—arranged a riot at El Paso. I don't blame the people of El Paso for kicking if the San Carlo management played them the same scurvy trick that Conried gave Los Angeles two years ago, when on "get-away-night" the singers and the orchestra rushed through *Lucia* as if they had been stung by gadflies—all except Caruso, who was heartbroken because he wasn't allowed an encore. At El Paso the audience refused to stand for such tricks and riotously demanded their money back. According to the press agent's story they got it. It must have been "stage money."

The flavor is superb, "Tea Kettle Tea."

#### Harry Bell's Ingenious Stunt.

Harry Bell, who attends to the advertising of the Mission Theater, made a ten strike for the publicity of the theater last Sunday.

#### FOR SALE

Cruising Yacht; 45 by 10 feet; 30 horsepower engine. Speed 11 miles per hour. Owner wishes to sell on account of returning East. Apply to **E. D. LONGSTRETH,** 127 Coulter Bldg.



We Sell

Ostrich

Feathers

Tips, Plumes, Fans, Muffs, Boas, Stoles, etc. A magnificent \$50,000 stock, from which to select.

**Repair Department** All repair work is handled by the same skilled operators who manufacture our new goods. All repair work promptly and properly executed

**Camston Ostrich Farm**

Phones { C9078 South Pasadena, Cal.  
East 1973  
Los Angeles City Sales Store 224 W. Third St.

## CAFÉ BRISTOL

The Popular Place to go for a Nice Little Supper After the Play ✱ Popular Because Select ✱ Popular on Account of Reasonable Prices and Good Music ✱ ✱ ✱

ENTIRE BASEMENT H. W. HELLMAN BUILDING

The Mission has been reorganized, re-furnished, re-painted and re-equipped, and how to attract the attention of thousands at one strike was the problem ahead of Bell. Finally he had two thousand cards printed, reading "Closed—Gone to the Mission Theater, 323 South Main street." These cards were affixed to the door of every down-town business house at 1 o'clock Sunday morning. The effect was startling and in many cases laughable. Messenger boys began to arrive around 7 a.m. with trays of food; laundry packages were delivered; in some cases butchers made deliveries of meats destined for restaurants. It was brought home to several thousand people that the Mission Theater was alive. The attendance at the theater showed a striking increase all the week.

#### To a Correspondent.

The following society note appears in a contemporary:

Charles F. Lummis celebrated his forty-eighth birthday anniversary Sunday with a Mexican dinner.

Many happy returns of the day! May Don Carlos long linger at once to trouble, amuse and interest us! By the way, a correspondent writes asking me what I mean by referring to Dr. Lummis in last week's *Graphic* as "my revered, if occasionally eccentric friend." "Is it not," she writes, "rather hypocritical to call Dr. Lummis your friend after the shameful way the *Graphic* has abused and wantonly misrepresented him?" Perhaps I used the term objected to in a parliamentary sense, but the *Graphic* has never wantonly misrepresented anybody. The editor of the *Graphic* does not claim infallibility. Only a male librarian can claim to be infallible. Nor have we ever abused him. For six or seven years the editor of this paper was on friendly terms with Dr. Lummis, and warmly admired—as he still does—the vigor and picturesqueness of his pointed pen. It is my regret that such intimacy was severed necessarily when Lummis, in part, forsook the field he tilled so ably and adorned, to usurp a position that had been filled efficiently by a woman. It is my sorrow that ever since his college days at Harvard, Charles F. Lummis has not been able to play fair. Incidentally, telling the truth and exposing pretenders is not "abuse."

#### Harvard on the Index.

As I have a very high regard for Dr. Grenville C. Emery and admire the splendid institution that he and his accomplished wife have founded in the Harvard School, I regret that any line ever published in the *Graphic* should offend his taste. Dr. Emery writes:

On every Sunday afternoon I send over to the boy's reading room all of my spare magazines and papers, including the *Graphic*, but in future must keep the *Graphic* at home for the reason that I am sure your articles by Major Ben C. Truman and sketch of the Rev. Baker P. Lee hinder me in my efforts to keep out tobacco and swearing from the school.

In the sketch of Rev. Mr. Lee, you either misstated the facts, or he has taken up smoking again, for, some months ago, he publicly announced to his church his intention without reserve of eschewing tobacco thenceforth. Has he taken up the habit since? I can't believe that you would purposely misrepresent in your sketch, hence you must be behind the times.

In this connection I wish to say that in any mention of distinguished men, especially men of the cloth, you seem to go out of your way to bring in the fact of their liking a good cigar, if they happen to use tobacco.

Now it is their privilege, as I see it, to smoke if they want to, and there is no law against Major Truman's damning and swearing that I know of, and, of course, he can use tobacco as much as he pleases, but you will will agree with me, and every intelligent man will agree that swearing is not good form for men or boys, and that the use of tobacco hurts a growing boy.

I disclaim any intention of giving any instruction to men as to their habits or mode of life, but it is my business to instruct boys, and I and Mrs. Emery are giving our very lives here in trying to do this business well.

## THE GARDEN BEAUTIFUL

Is a matter of easy attainment these beautiful Spring days, if you will only plant some of our true-to-name and reliable garden, field and tree seeds; also a choice selection from our superb assortment of Palms, Ferns, Roses, and other decorative plants. Our Guide to the Garden for 1907 will afford you every assistance in making a selection. May we send you a copy? A personal visit to our stores will be appreciated.

## Germain Seed Co.

326-30 S. Main St. Los Angeles, Cal.  
Established 1871—at it 37 years.

## KITE-SHAPED TRACK



## Santa Fe

## No Scene Twice Seen

The most beautiful trip in Southern California, and one of the most delightful trips in the world, is around the Kite Shaped-Track of the Santa Fe. No visit to California is complete without this trip. The train, with observation parlor car, leaves Santa Fe station, Los Angeles, every day at 8:30 a. m. Stops of about two hours each are made at Red-

lands and Riverside for viewing the beautiful scenes of these two places, and then the train returns to Los Angeles via a different route, arriving at 6:20 p. m. The trip is worthy of several days to enjoy fully the 166 miles of varied scenery, and in order to allow time for stopovers the tickets are made good for eight days, round trip \$3.00. For further information and a beautiful souvenir of the trip, call upon or write E. W. McGee, 334 So. Spring St. Los Angeles.

## A Great Trolley System

Four hundred and fifty miles of standard gauge track radiating from Sixth and Main Streets, Los Angeles.

Reaches most of the beach and valley points of interest besides extending to

## MOUNT LOWE

A mile above the sea.

Get literature from the nearest agent.

## The Pacific Electric Railway Company

## M. de Haaff

### Commercial Photographer

SPECIALTIES:—Artist's Proofs, Interiors and Exteriors, Flash Lights. Orders for Magazine and Booklet Work Solicited.

322 W. 1st St.

Home A 8268



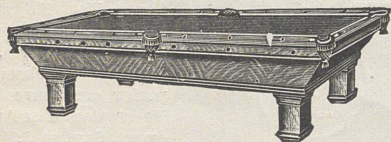
## THE QUALITY STORE

SPRING 1907

Boys Swell Styles in Clothing  
Furnishings and Hats.M. & B. Garments are noted  
all over this country for their  
style, exclusiveness and splen-  
did fit, wearing qualities the  
BEST and price the LOWESTEstablished  
over a  
quarter of a  
CenturyMULLEN & BLUETT  
CLOTHING COMPANY

N. W. Cor. 1st and Spring Sts.

## BILLIARDS

In the home provides pleasant and  
healthful entertainment and recreation  
—let us show you our specialties.

— Catalogues Free —

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

331-333 East Third St.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

I AM OFFERING for sale Stock in a  
California Corporation organized  
by leading Los Angeles business  
men, which affords exceptional opportu-  
nities for safe investment, insuring un-  
usual returns. A prominent Los Angeles  
Banker estimates this Stock will yield  
not less than 25 %.

HENRY A. COIT

210 Delta Building

'Phone Home F 4984 426 South Spring Street

For a "Square Deal" in Real Estate, Loans  
and Insurance—Better See Us!

Denker-Mesmer &amp; Maier

442 Douglas Building  
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RULE & SONS CO.  
IncorporatedGeneral Brokers and Financial Agents.  
Real Estate, Insurance, MinesSuite 223  
Pacific Electric Bldg.Home Ex. 601  
Main 8535

I tell my boys to wait until they are twenty-one  
before smoking because it *injures a growing boy*; to  
*cut out* profanity because it is not in *good taste to swear*,  
but I often add that I should much prefer that they  
should use a cuss-word than a vulgar word.

While Major Truman does mention Grant, our  
greatest commander of the Civil War, and would un-  
doubtedly acknowledge that the long array of swearing  
generals won their victories in *spite* of the swearing,  
I believe that all of their victories would have been  
more sweeping with all the cuss-words eliminated,  
and that the only tendency of such articles is to tickle  
the fancy of a few of the Major's kidney, possibly,  
but to shock the many.

Very sincerely yours,

GRENVILLE C. EMERY.

The Harvard School, February twenty-third.

I hasten to assure my good friend that  
Major Truman's kidney is all right, and that  
instead of being the mephistophilean charac-  
ter Dr. Emery seems to believe him, he is a  
God-fearing soldier, scholar and gentleman.  
As it happens, the Major is most moderate in  
his use of tobacco—confining himself to a  
single after-dinner cigar per diem. In a dozen  
years' intimate acquaintance with Major  
Truman, I have never heard him swear—  
except in the mildest, indeed, almost benevo-  
lent terms.

As for Dean Lee, formerly of Lexington,  
Kentucky, I have not swapped cigars with  
him lately, but within a few weeks he has  
smoked a pipe in the privacy of this editorial  
sanctum.

I certainly agree with Dr. Emery that the  
practice of boys smoking is most reprehensible  
and I congratulate him that the offense is very  
rare in the school over which he so ably pre-  
sides. But I fear he is over-cautious when for  
such alleged reasons as he advances, he prevents  
his boys reading the *Graphic*. I hope the good  
pedagogue read "The First True Gentleman"  
in the issue of two weeks ago. If he knows of  
better stuff than that to inculcate into his  
boys, I wish he would let me have it.

## Qui S'Excuse S'Accuse.

The following epistle was one of the interest-  
ing contents of my mail last week. Mr. Earl  
Rogers is certainly entitled to every benefit  
that publicity can give his own case, which,  
however, I do not wish to try. No one, who  
knows anything about Los Angeles, doubts  
Mr. Roger's ability and eminence in the prac-  
tice of criminal law, and as personally I have  
I have a high regard for his character, I gladly  
make whatever *amende honorable* is possible.  
If Mr. Rogers was really *it*. Mr. Rogers writes:

"I have been 'touched' deeply by a certain  
article which appeared in your paper last  
week. I never was the victim of so much  
joshing before, and I have read the article  
trying to find out whether or not I am the  
'particular attorney' referred to. The article  
says:

It makes no matter which side one of your church-  
going lawyers is on.

"My dear sir, I can prove an alibi on this  
feature—I regret exceedingly to say that I  
have not been in church for a matter of two  
years, and feel that I cannot be the man re-  
ferred to. Certainly my reputation in the  
matter of religiosity (to coin a word) has never  
been of the best. Further, I have never  
defended a common robber nor, to my know-  
ledge, an ex-convict. Further, I have never  
been known, save once, to 'sob' in the court  
room. Once I felt the conditions so strongly  
that I was unable to restrain myself, but out  
of a long practice I can think of but that one  
time. I prefer, by far, to let the jury do the  
crying and the moment one so loses control  
of himself as to become lachrymose, he loses  
his power with his auditors. So far I cannot  
see how I 'come in' but the one sentence  
which places me in the midst of the situation  
is this:

This particular attorney has been lately engaged  
in defending a man who killed the seducer of his daugh-  
ter (he ought to have been killed) but had he been  
hired on the other side, how he would have sobbed  
over the human who had been shot down in cold  
blood, etc.

"Those who heard me for four hours in this  
case, will testify, I venture, that I shed no  
tears, although I am informed that numerous  
other persons did. It is possible that the  
writer of the article has never heard me speak,  
or is it possible that the writer referred to some-  
one else?

"I would not trouble you thus personally,  
but I have been joked until I want some sort  
of a refuge somewhere. Those who know  
me understand that I am far more likely to  
get angry, sarcastic and bitter than woe-begone  
or lachrymose.

Please tell me, am I *it*, or am I *nit*?

EARL ROGERS.

Los Angeles, February twenty.

## Pilgrim's Club Sarcasm.

Diamond Jim Brady is the most interesting  
figure at Ascot these days. Brady is the best  
rooter in the country. When the horse he  
has put his money on comes trailing around the  
turn while the others are in the finish, Brady's  
voice can be heard thundering out "Come on,  
you race horse, you've got 'em, but come on,  
come on will you?" and then he tears up his  
tickets and he is back to the betting ring to  
play another sure thing. Brady is at home on  
the eastern tracks, where his wonderful horse,  
*Accountant*, has won him \$75,000, a horse that  
cost him but \$35,000. *Fontainebleu* and  
*Oiseau* are others of his nags which have added  
to his collection of diamonds, but at Ascot  
it is different. Abe Levy went up to him on

Delmonico's  
Restaurant351 South Hill, Corner Fourth. Just one  
block from the Angelus Hotel.The most Beautiful, Dainty and Best Con-  
ductedItalian and French  
Restaurant

in the city.

Regular Table d'hôte. Lunch 40 cents.  
Dinner 75 cents with Claret. A la  
'carte Orders all day. :: :: :: ::Spaghetti, Ravioli, Gnocchi a  
Specialty.

MUSIC FROM 12 to 2 AND 6 to 8 P M

DEL MONTE BAR AND GRILL 219 - 223 W.  
Third Street

For Men Exclusively

The only Place of the Kind West of Chicago.  
A high class Gentlemen's Resort.

Cuisine, Appointments and Service Unexcelled.

Fox &amp; Kellerman,

A 9267 Main 282



Friday, after Brady had carefully deposited \$5,000 in the pool boxes for keeps, and said to him in a very serious tone, "Brady, I have never asked you a favor, but I need one now" "Go to it, old man," said Brady, "whatever it I'll do it." "Well," continued Levy, "you see Brady, I've had a bad season here, and things are not as rosy as I would like and—well I hate to ask it of you, old man—but you see—well—well—" "Oh! talk it right out," replied Brady, reaching in his pocket for his check book. "How much do you want, Levy. Just name the figure and it is yours. I'm only too glad to be of service to you. How much do you need?" "It isn't money," answered Levy. "No, it is not money I need, but something more precious to you than that." "Well name it and it is yours," said Brady. "All I want from you, Brady," said Levy, "is for you to give me your secret by which you beat these ponies." And then there was trouble. Mr. Levy entertained a week-end party at the Pilgrims' Club in Avalon.

#### "Wieland's" is Back.

Beginning this (Saturday) morning, Adloff & Hauerwaas will resume furnishing "Wieland" beer to all their customers. It will be remembered that the John Wieland Brewery was destroyed by the fire which swept San Francisco after the earthquake of April 18. For a time it was necessary for Adloff & Hauerwaas to depend upon the other brewers for their supplies. Some months ago the Fredericksburg brewery of San Jose, which is owned by the San Francisco Breweries, Ltd., and which was considerably damaged by the earthquake, was in a position to supply part of the local demand. Immediately after the fire, the work of rebuilding the Wieland brewery was pushed with energy. Of course, after the brewery was in operation, time was required to perfect the beer brewed. Now, however, "Wieland" is again on tap and ready for delivery in kegs and bottles. The beer is acknowledged to be the finest brew yet produced by the Wieland brewery—and what more need be said.

### Engraving

Correctly done at the  
"Big Book Store"

We know our wedding announcements and invitations, calling cards and other engraved stationery to be without equal in the city. We point to the excellent quality of the stock we use—we invite you to compare it with that supplied by other houses. Our low prices makes the buying of engraved stationery a matter of economy. Call and see samples—or have them sent to your home.

**Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch Co.**

Successors to STOLL & THAYER CO.  
THE BIG BOOK STORE 252 S. SPRING STREET

### TOM POSTE

Is showing some Advance  
Spring Styles in MEN'S  
FINE HATS.

### Formal Spring Opening

—of—  
SMART HABERDASHERY  
—and—  
STYLISH HEADWEAR

**SATURDAY, MARCH 16**

509 S. Spring Street.

Hotel Alexandria.

## Deborah's Diary

### Friday Morning Anaemia.

The Friday Morning Club used to corral almost interesting visitor who came to town, regardless of "race, color or previous condition of servitude", but nowadays we are given dissertations by good wives and mothers who cannot be heard beyond the first three rows and who really have nothing to say anyway, and then don't know how to say it. As a flip from the other sex—vide Elmer Harris. A few other programs are thrown in which count for no more. Someone asks wistfully, "Is the club trying to economize on account of coming building expenses?" I do not know but I am quite aware that Jacob Riis got out of town without appearing at the club; that W. R. George, of the Junior Republic, and one of the most interesting speakers who has come this way in a long time did the same; that Mrs. Ballington Booth did not speak there as she did formerly; and that when there are interesting people in the audience only those who have introductions in the reception rooms are aware of it. Instead of such good speakers they gave us a very rotten reed shaken by a very much worse wind in the shape of Elmer Harris! Ashton Stevens the other day christened him "a midwife of the drama." I am still using a very severe dentifrice to get the taste of Harris's lecture out of my mouth.

Sixty cents a pound, "Tea Kettle Tea."

The Isis League of Music and Drama, one of the departments of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, are bringing out, under Katherine Tingley's personal direction, Shakespeare's famous comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at the Isis Theater, San Diego, for one week, commencing Monday. For the adequate rendering of Mendelssohn's music, vocal and instrumental, the abilities of the young folks of the Raja Yoga Academy and of the Point Loma Orchestra have been drawn into service. The fairy scene, which occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, produced by the Isis League of Music and Drama last spring, demonstrated the high type of both vocal and instrumental music, to which the musical department of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society had attained, and great improvement has been made since then. Mrs. Katherine Tingley recently appointed Mr. H. Carter Bligh, an old student of theosophy, as her assistant director. Mr. Bligh has just terminated an engagement with Olga Nethersole. Los Angeles friends of the work of Katherine Tingley, who wish to see *A Midsummer's Night Dream* at the Isis Theater, San Diego will find the Owl train convenient for returning to their homes, if they cannot stay in San Diego through the night. A matinee will be given on Saturday, March 16, at 2 o'clock.

Prof. S. H. Clark's recital of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, at Simpsons Auditorium Friday evening, is arousing interest among students and the reading public. This recital is under the joint management of College of Oratory, U. S. C., State Normal School, Occidental College and Cumnoek School of Expression, and the students have been indulging in a friendly rivalry in the sale of tickets. Mr. Behymer is selling seats at 345 South Spring street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Woods, who have been devoting their energies to fostering the use of Sangalla tea are making admirable progress

Main 1971  
Home 1971

# Conradi

Diannonds, Gems, Watches  
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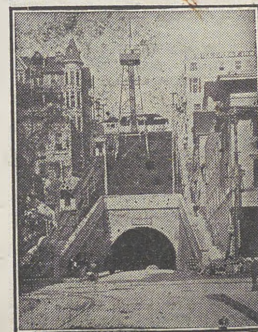
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provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing view of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

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Phone Main 900.

in their chosen line of endeavor. Mrs. Woods is a charming and clever entertainer and has interested the members of several clubs in her talk on the "Use and Abuse of Tea." The first demonstration was at the recent cat show and this week Mr. and Mrs. Woods are presiding at a booth at the Bench Show at the Panorama Rink. The Sangalla tea is a blend of Indian and Ceylon teas—something with which not very many American tea drinkers are familiar, but one trial of the Ceylon blend will teach the users of the Japanese and Chinese teas that there is something new in the tea world. The English are the largest consumers of tea in the world, the total consumption approximating seven pounds per capita per annum, and of this fully 97 per cent is from India and Ceylon. There is a reason for this, depend upon it.

### Junior George Republic.

Mr. George was the guest of Mrs. Nora MacCartney, at Eighth and Beacon streets for about a week, and socially the tall, blue-eyed, broad-shouldered man made quite as good an impression as he did professionally—on the lecture platform, that is. He is a man who is thoroughly human, not absorbed in fads, full of good humor which fairly raidates from his presence, and he has a keen interest in thing outside of the Junior Republic and juvenile courts. He is a boy with his boys and the wholesome influence which he dispels without distributing tracts at every turn may be easily understood upon acquaintance with him. The Junior Republic is organized on the same plan as a veritable republic and it has its schools, hospitals, prisons, stores, shops and everything else you can think of as necessary to the conduct of a larger commonwealth. The young men vote on all questions after they have attained the age of fourteen and conduct their own courts, impose their own punishments, etc. They are generally fine-looking fellows with abundant "energy which went wrong," as Mr. George says. It is to be remarked that the past history of the lads is never voluntarily given by Mr. George, though facts which enlighten interested students of what has been called "criminaloid" reclamation are forthcoming upon interrogation. Mr. George is affectionately called "Daddy" George in the community in which he works and I could tell you many interesting facts concerning the conduct of the Republic if space permitted. The republic which he proposes to found here will be practically organized in Freeville, N. Y., where the paren-republic is now conducted.

The Reichl suppers at the Alexandria Grill promise to be a distinct feature of the San Carlo Opera season, whether the songbirds are doomed to the skating rink or may arise, like the larks, to the Temple Auditorium. The inimitable Joseph has prepared a *souvenir de l'opera menu* for supper and all the dainty trifles that the chef can suggest for a midnight meal are sandwiched between excellent half-tones of Henry Russell's songbirds. The opera is good, but to appreciate the full significance of the music it is well to aid the digestion by refined refreshment at the Alexandria Grill aforesaid. Such a process insures good digestion.

A. H. Voight, president of the California Furniture Company has returned from his semi-annual trip to Grand Rapids and New York in the interest of the house.

### Attractive Program for March.

The Friday Morning Club's program for

March promises to be even richer than usual in interest, as follows:

March 8—*Bits of Experience* by Mrs. F. P. Fay, Mrs. John Lawrence, Mrs. Hugh W. Harrison, Mrs. O. H. Burbridge, Mrs. J. C. F. Atsatt, Mrs. W. F. Bosbyshell, Miss Evelyn Hamburger and Mrs. Harriet H. Barry.

March 15—*An Actor's View of His Profession*, (with some remarks on its value as a public teacher) by Hobart Bosworth.

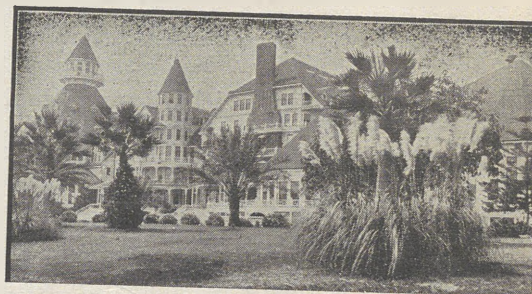
March 22—Book Committee—Some recent autobiographies, namely *Caroline M. Severance—The Mother of Clubs* by the Associate Chairman, *Andrew D. White* by Miss Cordelia Kirkland, *Mark Twain* by Mrs. Willoughby Rodman.

March 28—Discussion Morning—*Public School Scholarships* by Mrs. O. Shepard Barnum also *The Future Home of the Club*.

All good grocers sell "Tea Kettle Tea."

### Travelers.

The Homer Laughlins, with their daughter, Gwendolin, who came out not long ago, left last week for an extended tour of the East and South, with a crossing to Cuba also anticipated. This season of travel has also found many booking passage for Honolulu, among the



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latter being the R. H. Herrons, with Miss Edith Herron and Paul Herron, Miss Laura Solano and Miss Eva Keating. Mr. and Mrs. Willis M. Dixon and Miss Lucille Dixon and Miss Louise Hahn are among others who will sail this month for the islands. Colonel Lankershim left for Paris last Saturday. The rest of his family happen to be in the Riviera.

#### A Mi Careme Tea.

Mrs. Frank W. Burnett, who recently returned from six months travel in Europe with Mr. Burnett and their daughter, alleviated the social ennui of Lent with a *Mi Careme* reception at the Country Club last Thursday afternoon, from four to six p.m.

Once drunk, always drunk, "Tea Kettle Tea."

#### The Thorpes of La Jolla.

A niece of Rose Hartwick Thorpe, whose claim to fame must rest alone on that poem for years so dear to amateur elocutionists, *Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight*, was married last week to Adolph J. Boulanger, also of a famous name, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hartwick, of Orange. The young people will reside in Los Angeles. Mrs. Thorpe and her husband have long made their home in La Jolla, San Diego county, and Mrs. Thorpe formerly was active in club work though I have not heard much of her in recent conventions. She is a quiet, matronly-appearing woman, whose literary efforts since her one success was achieved have counted for nothing so far as recognition is concerned. "England's sun was slowly setting," etc., was written, if my memory serves me, when she was only seventeen and its theme was rescued from the oblivion to which it had finally been condemned by a long-suffering public by David Belasco, who put it into the *Heart of Maryland*. Mrs. Carter's first success.

### THE ISIS THEATER, San Diego.

Owner and Directress,  
Katherine Tingley.

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Mr. H. Carter Bligh.

## Shakespeare's Romantic Comedy

## Midsummer Night's Dream

will be presented by the Isis League of Music and Drama, beginning Monday, March 11, for one week. Matinee, Saturday, March 16.

Brilliant Spectacular effects. Mendelssohn's celebrated music. Point Loma Orchestra and Chorus.

Mr. H. Carter Bligh, late of Miss Olga Nethersole's Company, as Bottom the Weaver.

Prices, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, and 25c.

#### At Last!

The heart of Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes must have been made glad last week by the news from Washington saying that ten thousand dollars had been appropriated by Congress for the completion of the Sloat monument at Monterey. This monument has been advertised the country round by Mrs. Forbes, who talked before women's clubs, furnished data for the newspapers and gave much time even when she was in poor health to the project of erecting a monument to the Commodore who was first to raise the American flag on this coast. Los Angeles county came forward tardily to provide for a stone and nearly every other county in the state had furnished one at the last time that news was given out.

#### Brownson House Celebration.

Brownson House is a pet institution of charitable Catholics and for six years it has flourished in the poor section north of First street near the river. It is on Jackson street, not far from the King's Daughters' Day Nursery, another charitable institution which does excellent work for the poor folk of the neighborhood. On April 1, just after Lent is over, the members of the Brownson House association will give a vaudeville program in Gamut Club hall for the benefit of their settlement work and the hall will doubtless be well filled. Devotees of society will give the best of their talents for the cause and the various turns promise to be pleasing. There will be acrobatic turns, lightning change numbers, one-act plays, burlesque opera singers and numerous other offerings. There will be opportunity for spending money between acts, for there will be bon-bon and popcorn sellers in the persons of pretty girls from the smart set.

Black, uncolored, mixed, "Tea Kettle Tea."

#### Week-end at Riverside.

The fashion that the Potters and Miss Nina Jones have set of giving delightful week-end house-parties at Santa Barbara, was followed this last Saturday to Monday by Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland, who were at pains to see that none of their fourteen guests at the Glenwood Tavern, Riverside, suffered from ennui over the third Sunday in Lent. The party left the Van Nuys at 11 o'clock Saturday in three motor cars. Lunching at the Wentworth, Pasadena, they motored on easily to Riverside, reaching the Glenwood roof-tree in plenty of time to dress for dinner. The dinner and the dance that followed were distinctly jovial, the host being permitted to sing about *The Good Old Summer Time*. Sunday morning was spent in motoring around beautiful Riverside, and at 3 p.m. the merry party started homeward. Mr. and Mrs. Garland's guests were Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Flint, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran, Miss Annis Van Nuys, Miss Nina Jones, Messrs. Robert Flint and Russell Taylor.

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KATHERINE BALL

Miss Katherine Ball, a lady who has lived many years in the Orient and whose lectures on Japanese art have attracted wide attention, is staying at the Casa Grande hotel in Pasadena, arranging to deliver a course of instruction.

Miss Ball's course covers an understanding of the peculiar characteristics of Japanese art—including Japanese painting, etc., and the color prints of old Japan. She gives a brief history of the art, and shows its influence upon European art. Her aim is to demonstrate that the Japanese school is one of the greatest manifestations of art the world has ever known. She also gives an analysis of the art form, with a particular bearing upon the study of our own art. Her hearers are taught to see beauty in line compositions and color harmonies and they realize the value of this in their appreciation of nature as well as the study of their own paintings, rugs, textiles and bric-a-brac. The lecturer also gives an interpretation of the contents of the art form and gives the legendary and mythological stories that Japanese art so cleverly illustrates.

Miss Ball is arranging a parlor course, particulars of which will be given later.

## Pasadena

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. McKay, of Mexico, and Santa Barbara, are at the Hotel Green for the Horse Show. Mr. McKay returns at once to the City of Mexico, while Mrs. McKay will remain in Southern California for several months.

Mr. C. E. Orr, an old-time Pasadenan, gave a luncheon at the Country Club Thursday for a number of guests at the Horse Show, including Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carman, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richardson, of Montecito and Miss Mary Van Buren.

Mrs. Benjamin Blossom, of South Orange Grove avenue, entertained a large bridge party, Saturday.

Miss Mina Hertel was hostess at a five hundred party at her home, 757 East California street, Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ward, of 288 South Marengo avenue, gave a dinner party Friday night.

Mrs. George Lincoln, of New York, gave a card party at Hotel Green Tuesday. Mrs. Nathan Lamb was hostess of a musicale at the Green Wednesday.

Mrs. Judson E. Carpenter and daughter, Mrs. Murphy, of Ford Place gave a reception Monday.

Mrs. Flora Goodall Bland and Mrs. Ernest B. Hoag entertained with a buffet luncheon and bridge at Mrs. Bland's home on Washington street, Tuesday.

Miss Jane Brownlee, of Toledo, Ohio, is giving instructive talks on the Training of Children in Home and School. Her pleasing personality combined with experience in child study impart interest and value to the meetings.

Judge H. H. Klamroth has been enjoying a reunion with his sister, Mrs. Ricardo Martin, a singer in the San Carlo Opera Company, whom he had not seen for many years.

The judges of the Horse Show, which is monopolizing the attention of Pasadenans this week, are experts in the classes in which they are serving. Mr. Richard Carman is judging the heavy harness class. Messrs. Alfred Solano, John G. Mott, Henry S. McKee, heavy roadsters; Messrs. Frank G. Hogan, Robert Lee Bettner, saddle and hunter; Mr. Warren J. Richardson, ringmaster and I. W. Parks, veterinary inspector. Messrs. Thaddeus Lowe, W. H. Hogan and Fred H. Bixby form the ring committee.

What will the Horse Show prove? The wealth, beauty and fashion of Pasadena moving at a stately pace or merry gallop according to mental classification?

John Cravens is the most conspicuous and the best groomed man in the Crown of the Valley this week, but the old inquiry, "Where is Harkness?" does not down.

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## Santa Barbara

The past week in Santa Barbara witnessed a number of informal little events among the exclusive set and it pointed clearly to the fact that there will be no lessening of the wheel of pleasure as the fast days go on. Rather would those of the smart set forget that a forty day fast is part of the ritual of two great religious bodies.

Following Mr. C. C. Felton's dinner at his Montecito residence in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Richardson, of Montecito, Mrs. H. M. A. Postley and Mrs. Harry Dater, Jr., joined forces Sunday afternoon and gave a tea in their honor at the Country Club. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson returned the next day to San Francisco.

Cherry trees made unique place cards at the George Washington dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Calef, of Crocker Row.

Le Chalet also afforded a pretty scene Sunday evening when Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury, of San Francisco, gave a dinner. The affair was given at Le Chalet in Montecito and was for Mrs. Arthur Meeker, of Chicago.

Tuesday evening Mr. George Kaime gave a dinner for Mrs. and Miss Tilly, of St. Louis.

After motoring through Montecito, Summerland and Carpinteria, Mrs. John Hay, wife of the late Secretary of State, entertained the members of her party at Shepherd's Inn.

Mrs. W. W. Burton was the hostess of a card party at the Country Club last week, in honor of Mrs. Samuel J. Walker, of Chicago. Eight tables were set for bridge and one of seven-handed euchre. Forty-two guests were present.

Mrs. Edwin H. Sawyer, of Las Palmas, Tuesday, for their luncheon in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Poore, of Waterbury, Conn.

Mrs. Walter Douglas also gave a luncheon Tuesday, when bridge filled in the afternoon hours.

On Wednesday Mrs. Edwin H. Sawyer

Cut flowers, floral designs, and decorative green, potted palms and house plants.

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FOURTH AND BROADWAY

again entertained, but at bridge instead of luncheon, and the affair took place at Las Palmas instead of the Club.

*Las Tunas* was in spring garb Tuesday afternoon and the first blossoms of the year were not a whit more lovely than the "rosebud garden of girls," gathered there as guests of Mrs. Girvan.

*La Palera*, the country place of Mrs. Sherman P. Stow, was a scene of beauty Wednesday, when the chatelaine gave a luncheon of twelve covers.

Speaking of the Potter; there is not a man or woman there, nor for that matter in Santa Barbara or Montecito society circles, who does not regret the departure of Mrs. James Biddle for Philadelphia, whither she has gone to spend a short time with her son, Lieutenant David H. Biddle and his wife and children, who will soon go to the Philippines with the Sixth Cavalry. Mrs. David Biddle was a Miss Peters, a member of one of the aristocratic families of Philadelphia. After her son's departure for the Orient, Mrs. Biddle will visit her other daughters and son, spending some time in Washington, D. C., not expecting to return to Santa Barbara before September.

Mrs. Harold Sidebotham gave a luncheon on Friday at her Laguna street home, when covers were laid for twelve.

Dr. Andrews was host on Friday at a luncheon given at Le Chalet for Mrs. H. A. Hare, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. William Miller Graham, of Villa Bellosguardo, gave a rose dinner Friday evening.

Saturday evening was a gay one at the Potter, although Mrs. Milo M. Potter and the fair Nina were gallivanting at Riverside. Among the merriest of those who dined and danced were the guests of Miss Bertha Spaulding and Miss Velda Wason. Another hostess was Mrs. A. H. McKay, of Mexico, whose table was brilliant with the royal robes of Holland, the tulip.

White and green were the colors chosen by Miss Bispham for her dinner at the Potter, where she entertained Saturday evening, covers being laid for twenty-two.

Pink roses rioted across the table at Le Chalet on Saturday when Mr. and Mrs. Ferry, of Miramar, gave a luncheon.

In one of the private dining rooms of the Potter Saturday evening, Mr. Fleishman, former mayor of Cincinnati, entertained a party of friends, with Mr. and Mrs. Louis G. Dreyfus as guests of honor.

Among those from Santa Barbara attending the Horse Show in Pasadena this week are Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richardson, who went down on Wednesday, having with them Mr. and Mrs. John E. Beale, Mrs. Frank Frazee and Laurence Redington.

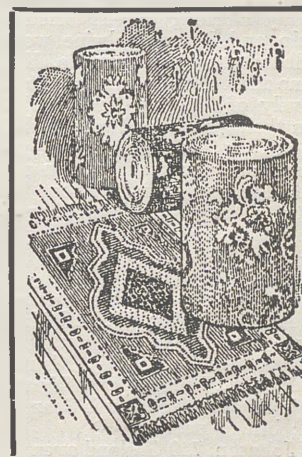
Mrs. George Bruce Douglas, who is occupying the home of Colonel William Dwight Wiman, at Garden and Mission streets, gave a luncheon for her townswoman, Miss Barnhardt, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Miss Barnhardt is an intimate friend to Mrs. Stewart Edward White, wife of the distinguished author. Among the guests were Mrs. Stewart Edward White and Mrs. Fernand Lungren, formerly of Los Angeles.



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## Where Are They?

Miss Henrietta Milner, of La Salle avenue, is at Paso Robles.

Col. J. B. Lankershim left last Saturday for his annual tour in Europe.

Mrs. Frank King Wilson, of 1200 West Adams street, has left for Honolulu.

The Misses Laura and Rena Hayes are the guests of Mrs. J. F. Kanst, of 432 Westlake avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. W. T. McArthur, of 2025 Western avenue, are rejoicing in the addition to their family of a young daughter, born March 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus H. Herron, of 2700 Severance street, accompanied by their son and daughter, Mr. Paul Herron and Miss Edith Herron, are in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Auster-Herde and Miss May Auster-Herde, of Indianapolis are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Temperly, of 2819 South Flower street.

Mrs. O. W. Childs, Jr., returned Wednesday from a three months' visit in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Childs will at present reside at the Van Nuys Hotel, their house on Twenty-eighth street being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hewlett.

Mrs. J. M. Culp, of Washington, D. C., who has been the house guest of the W. D. Woolwines for the past two weeks, left Wednesday morning to visit friends in Hollywood. Mrs. Culp and Mrs. Woolwine were school-mates in their girlhood days in Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Fannie W. Woolwine and her charming daughter, sister and niece respectively of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, who have been their guests for two months, will leave for their home in New York next Thursday. Miss Woolwine, whose charming personality and remarkable voice have delighted so many persons in New York and in this city, will sing in Christ Church next Sunday morning.

### Receptions.

March 1—Miss Van Buren, Hotel Van Nuys; theater party and supper at the Alexandria for Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carman, of New York.

March 2—Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe, 2414 South Grand avenue; luncheon for Mrs. William Wirt Dixon.

March 2—Mrs. Benjamin Blossom, 955 South Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena; bridge party.

March 4—Miss Harriet Johnson, 749 Garland avenue at home.

March 5—Daughters of American Revolution; reception at Ebell club house.

March 5—Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hewlett, West 25th street; dinner at the Van Nuys for Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carman, of New York.

March 6—Mrs. E. R. Bradley, 2920 Wilshire boulevard; luncheon.

March 6—Mrs. J. M. Harrison, 1620 Redwood street; at home.

March 6—Mr. and Mrs. Richard F. Carman, 1503 South Figueroa street; dinner party.

March 7—Mrs. Frank Burnett, Eighth and Beacon; Mi careme party at the Country Club.

March 7—Mrs. C. C. Tatum, 932 West Sixteenth street; luncheon for Miss Salmon.

March 7—Mr. C. E. Orr, Van Nuys Hotel; luncheon at the Pasadena Country Club.

"Charter Day" is the annual big occasion at the University of California at Berkeley and wherever former students and the alumni of the university foregather. At the monthly lunch of the University of California club at the Bristol on Saturday, final arrangements will be made for the Charter Day banquet of March 23.

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## Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:—

Just got back from San Francisco. Hitherto we have understood that this northern metropolis was the show place for stores, but they were certainly all burned out. Nowadays they have to depend upon the itinerant traveler who blows in, and they are willing to pay almost any price for merchandise.

But to come down to Los Angeles. Go to the Boston Store and see some of the late imported gowns that I saw there this morning. There is a new lace called "Fillet" which looks like a fish net with applied Irish point thrown over it, but it is wonderfully stunning just the same. It is very strong and distinctive and makes up so charmingly. They have it in pony jackets and all-over gowns from \$360 to \$1600 apiece. They have the Princess Louise lace gowns, which also are absolutely new. These range from \$50 to \$300. The linen applique in little jumper jackets—a cute novelty—in ecru and the new shade of yellow, are chic. All of these you can get at the Boston Store if you will but drop in.

At Coulter's I saw a plaited crepe de chine—we were at the silk counter—with heavy coin spots. Silk is going to be all the rage this year for everything, and Coulter's can supply all demands. Their dollar a yard silks for outing suits are durable and will retain that tailor-made trimness that is so desirable and so seldom found. A new shade of mulberry silk, with large coin spots; a satin stripe Marquisette, twenty-four inches wide, with flower sprays; and a radium, forty-five inches wide; were especially good. A new silk called "Punjab" is very good this season, coming in plaids, checks and stripes. Pongees are also desirable for spring wear, and at Coulter's you may have a large display from which to choose.

I found Blackstone's rejoicing over a consignment of robes, laces and linens. Useless to tell you that they all indicate this good store's excellent taste—one always expects to find the right thing at Blackstone's and is never disappointed. The linen suits, from \$15 to \$60, in white and all colors, come in every style. The coats and jackets are nobby, and you may find anything from a jaunty pony jacket to a full-length and decorous coat. As soon as this dismal weather stops and old Sol casts off his mourning robes, you will see a mad rush for spring garments, and Blackstone's are all prepared to suit everyone.

### Hosts of Spring Waists

There's an informal exhibition on the second floor, of the styles in lawn waists which will be most favored this Spring. And now there is the charm of first choice, and ample time for alterations to be carefully made.

Long sleeves, short sleeves, lace and embroidery combinations, tiny tucks, wide pleats, heavy or filmy lace trimmings, plain tailored styles—they're all here, at prices beginning with \$1.25.

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Myer Siegel & Company are still showing their waists, and they have every reason to be proud of them. For sheer daintiness and attractiveness, Siegel's "collection" is unexcelled. They have a large consignment of the new batiste waists in pale pink, blue, and the new yellow shades. These are inserted with Irish lace, Valenciennes, and pretty appliques. They are absolutely new and range to \$13.

Miss Swobdi, at 555 South Broadway, has returned from the east and brought spring with her—at least from the appearance of her artistic parlors. All the novelties in the millinery lines, and the latest "curves" from New York or Paris are available here. A beautiful Leghorn, draped with a willow plume, and banked up with yellow hyacinths was truly artistic. Lilacs, in the tenderest shades, are very much in vogue this season and of course Swobdi has every novelty in that line. Big picture hats, reminiscent of Lady Teazle, with drooping plumes and great buckles, are charming. There is no regular opening at Miss Swobdi's establishment—but just "go and look."

Automobile parties are quite the thing now—and even if one doesn't possess an automobile one must have a veil. The Ville de Paris have Du Barry scarfs that are just the thing for the fair motor maid. You know how difficult it is to keep one's hair from blowing to the four winds when motoring, but the Ville's scarfs are ample enough to provide a solution to this problem. They come in all shades and in plaids and coin spots. They are liberally made, and one has the consolation that one doesn't look "a guy" in them.

What with the horse show at Pasadena, and the polo meeting at Coronado, George P. Taylor, at 525 South Broadway, has been having a busy time this week, since the *jeunesse doree* and a few others in search of the best apparel turn to this establishment for the latest and most correct attire. Mr. Taylor has just received a wonderfully varied assortment of flannel suitings. Very light flannels are to be worn this season, he tells me.

Well I really believe it is true that the American woman "eats, drinks and sleeps clothes," but I shan't let it worry me. So long.

As Ever,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa street, March sixth.

The Ruskin Art Club has arranged with Hector Allott for an address to be given next Thursday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, at Blanchard Hall. Mr. Allott's subject is *Christ in Art*, and his lecture will be illustrated with a series of beautiful stereopticon views.

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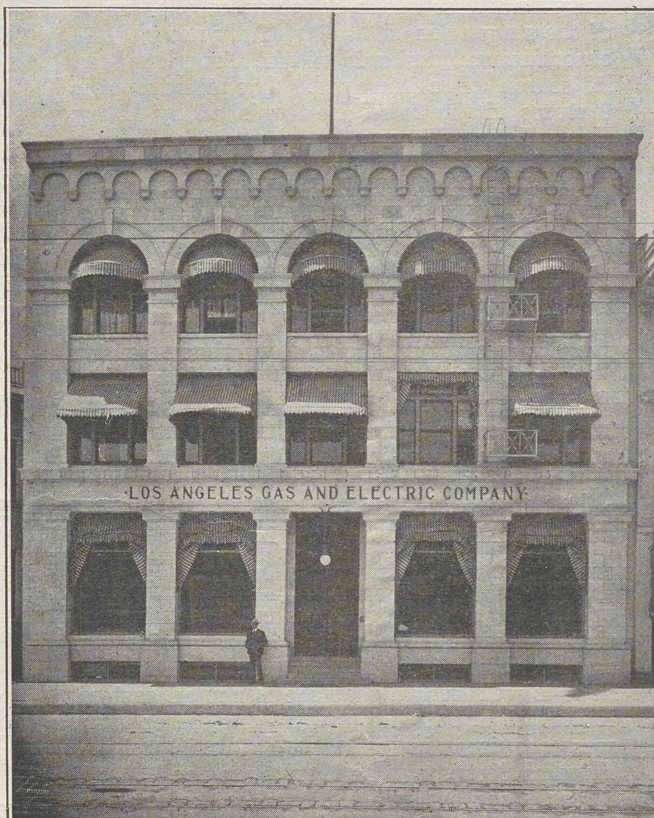
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## On the Stage and Off

The Ferris stock company shows its versatility this week in departing from the religious drama on the one hand, and the sensational salacious French play on the other. It presents a domestic drama in four acts by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, entitled *The Altar of Friendship*, first produced on the eastern stage some six years ago, and later used by Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott with fair success. The piece is not new here, having been given at the Burbank Theater in 1904 with a strong cast. While the Ferris company is not equally strong, it yet does justice to the author in the characters which attract most attention. The comedy interest is well sustained by Mr. Ferris and Florence Stone. The former plays with a certain debonair ease and earnestness that holds the interest of the audience, and Miss Stone relinquishes the center of the stage to make a delightfully natural and entertaining character of the American girl in search of a husband. The melodramatic features of the story are furnished by Harry Von Meter, Florence Barker and Eleanor Browning. Mr. Von Meter appears as a young clergyman who has wronged a young woman and, tiring of her, seeks to make his fortune by marrying a rich girl whom he also loves and who loves him. By a series of misunderstandings, only possible upon the stage, his wrongdoing is attributed to the brother of the girl he is about to marry, and the rest of the play is devoted to clearing up this error; Mr. Von Meter meanwhile presenting throughout such a spectacle of abject misery that would attract the attention of his friends under ordinary conditions and lead to a discovery of his villainy. His performance lacks artistic shading and is monotonous in its somber aspect. Miss Barker, a debutante, as the wronged typewriter girl is very natural and unaffected, speaks distinctly and shows evidence of emotional ability. The daily papers praise her work, which fact is the more remarkable as it is well known that she is not an eastern importation, but that the training of her voice was acquired in a local dramatic school. Howard Scott, temporarily lost to the Belasco forces, does a fine character bit as the ex-convict father of the betrayed girl, and by his genuine forceful delivery of the man's uncultured lines draws sympathetic tears from many of his audience.

Some of the minor characters, such as the young English lord, are overplayed, while the English society actress is an unconscious burlesque of a recent, well-remembered aesthetic interpreter of the soulful and intense in dramatic art.

Taken altogether, *The Altar of Friendship*, while it is not free from faults of construction, is a play well worth seeing as presented by the Ferris company.

The offering at the Belasco theater this week is *Men and Women*, a play made familiar to local playgoers by frequent former presentations here. As interpreted by this able company it loses none of its interest but holds the attention of the audience to the close. Mr. Stone's finished acting is once more to be remarked in a character admirably suited to his method. Miss Albertson grows upon the careful observer. Her dignity of carriage, and simple but telling delivery, without a trace of elocutionary affectation, combine to make her *Agnes Rodman* the central figure in the picture whenever she is upon the stage. Mr. Yerance, in the difficult role of *Israel Cohen*, does some of the best work in which he

has been seen. Mr. Beggs, as *Governor Rodman* does not rise to the possibilities of the part, except in appearance. Vivian is sufficiently gentlemanly and Glazier the cold-blooded scoundrel demanded by the play.

Mr. Lowell, as the effusive *Col. Zachary T. Kip*, is noisy without being mirthful, and his lack of facial expression takes all the fun out of a very juicy role. For some reason, possibly to save an additional man in the cast, the part of *Lyman H. Webb*, the bank examiner, has been merged into that of *Colonel Kip* without any corresponding advantage to the play. Mr. Bosworth's brief appearance as *Arnold Kirk*, the defaulter, is extremely artistic. Harry Earl does a capital character sketch as *Mr. Pendleton*, the deaf old bank director, getting out of it all there is in it without exaggeration, which is high praise. Miss Berg is improving. Her ingenué character is splendidly played. It is a pleasure also to see Adele Farrington once more in the cast. The breezy freshness and crispness of her acting make her a valuable member of the company.

The cleverness as well as the failings of *Men and Women* have been descanted upon sufficiently in the past, so that no repetition is needed now. The piece is a sort of theatrical mosaic in construction, showing ample evidence of its twin authorship and its revival now affords an interesting illustration of the kind of dramatic fare that pleased the playgoers

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of some fifteen years ago—and shows further how rapidly the standard of taste in such matters undergoes radical changes.

*The County Chairman* with Theodore Babcock in the cast, is doing a fair business at the Mason this week and is to be succeeded by the always delightful *Mrs. Wiggs* on Monday.  
GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

The Orpheum has provided an entertaining show this week for there is not a dull number on the program. Shields & Rogers open the bill with an exhibition of lassoing and lariat throwing which proves highly pleasing. Allen Shaw holds the audience spell-bound in manipulating coins and cards. Cameron & Flanagan present an original act—scene in a dressing room—and indulge in a run of repartee to the delight of everyone. They are indeed clever entertainers. The Four Rianos in a novelty sketch *In Africa*, bring down continued applause with a "monkey-show" impersonation. The top-liner of the performance is a one-act farce by Charles E. Evans & Co., presenting *It's Up to You, William*. One never tires of seeing Eleanor Falke, the dainty singing comedian. Her dancing and fascina-

ting attitudes so chic and charming, bring repeated encores. The hold-overs from last week are Nellie Beaumont, The Lasky-Rolfe Quintette and the Bedouin Arabs all pleasing specialties. With such an array of talent is it any wonder that the S. R. O. sign is the usual thing at the Orpheum?

**Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers**

**Mason**—Among good plays, *Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch*, which pays its second visit next Monday for a week's engagement, seems to have superabundant vitality. From the first, the dramatization of Mrs. Rice's two stories, *Mrs. Wiggs and Lovey Mary*, met with a degree of popular favor more enthusiastic, if anything, than that awarded those "nest seeling" novels of low life in mean streets. Madge Carr Cook, mother of Eleanor Robson, has scored the triumph of her life in the title role while a very close second for popularity in the piece is the *Miss Hazy* of Vivian Ogden.

**Auditorium**—The Ferris Stock Company and Miss Florence Stone for the week commencing Monday will present Victorien Sardou's masterpiece *Theodora*. The play was written expressly for Sarah Bernhardt and was first produced in this country by that famous actress and afterward by Fanny Davenport. As a special feature the management has secured a cage of Nubian lions. The play will be given a Ferris production, worthy of its own strength and talents.

**Morosco's**—*Hearts Courageous*, said to be a virile and picturesque drama of the Revolutionary War, will be the bill commencing next Sunday afternoon. After two weeks' rest Mary Van Buren reappears in the cast.

**Belasco's**—*Zira*, an emotional melodrama of incidents in the late South African War, is the bill next week. The play was made by Miller, who borrowed the plot somewhat freely from Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White*. Margaret Anglin produced it here two years ago and last season scored a heavy success with it in New York. Under the skilful direction of Hobart Bosworth, the stock company should give an excellent performance.

**Orpheum**—Lee Harrison, who heads the Orpheum program for next week, is an example of suddenly acquired fame after long and arduous apprenticeship. From obscure parts he suddenly found the part that fitted and as principal comedian with Rogers Brothers Company became one of the most famous comedians of the American stage. He will be heard here in smart songs and stories from life. Claire Beasy's performing cats promise to be one of the best attractions of its kind. The Three Dancing Mitchells are colored comedians whose conversation, singing and dancing are equally entertaining. Dorothy Kenton, the girl with the banjo, has attracted much attention by her artistic handling of this distinctly American instrument and also by her graceful stage presence and blonde beauty. The holdovers are Cameron & Flanagan, Allen Shaw, the Four Rianos and Charles E. Evans & Co.

**Grand**—*Human Hearts*, an emotional drama by Hal Reid, dealing with one of the ever present problems of society is the offering for next week. Lincoln J. Plumer and Gertrude Phelps in the leading roles supported by a strong company promise one of the best enacted melodramas of the season.

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MONDAY—Il Trovatore  
TUESDAY—Barber of Seville  
WEDNESDAY—Faust  
THURSDAY—La Boheme

FRIDAY—Cavalleria Rusticana and I Pagliacci  
SAT. MAT.—La Gioconda  
SAT. EVE.—Mixed Bill

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#### Next Week's Repertoire.

Sunday Evening—*Lucia di Lammermoor*.  
Monday Evening—*Il Trovatore*.  
Tuesday Evening—*Barber of Seville*.  
Wednesday Evening—*Faust*.  
Thursday Evening—*La Boheme*.  
Friday Evening—*Cavalleria Rusticana* and  
*I Pagliacci*.  
Saturday Matinee—*La Gioconda*.  
Saturday Evening—Mixed Bill.

"Auspicious" is the illy selected adjective that one of the colorists of the daily press chose to use in describing the opening of the San Carlo Opera season in a skating rink last Tuesday evening. Rather I would suggest the word "ominous," for the omen is an evil one. Some six months ago the Auditorium the "Theater Beautiful," was opened with a wonderful gust of congratulation and some ceremony. Angelenos were assured by an admirable lady who had been eminent in the promotion of the building that thenceforth our fair city—or words to that effect—would have a temple of art in its midst, in which the happy people would discover culture and all the arts that uplift. Mainly of course—it happened to be opened by a third-rate Italian company, which had been stranded in the City of Mexico—the new and splendid Auditorium would be the home of grand opera. Unhappily the prophetess is not honored in her own temple.

I do not blame Mr. Dick Ferris. He is making money out of *The Altar of Friendship*, *La Tosca* and *The Holy City*.

But I do question the wisdom of young Mr. Sparks Berry in asking such terms as 50 per cent for the use of the Auditorium for two weeks of grand opera. Even at this late date after two nights at the ridiculous little stage at the skating rink and the fearfully bad ventilated condition of the house—I hope counsel may prevail and that Mr. Russell, Mr. Berry and Mr. Behymer may yet get together.

That Mr. Russell's organization is the best that has ever been heard here has yet to be proved. I only heard one act of *La Gioconda*. The orchestra certainly will be superb, when the local members are trained with rest, and Conti already has them in good control, impressing upon the whole his own musicianship.

Nordica is certainly not at her best as *La Gioconda*. Her voice was frequently reedy and shrill. Her magnificent stage presence, her magnetism and her great name remain at \$1750 an appearance.

Is Constantino to be compared with Caruso? Of that, too, I can write more intelligently next week. Certainly his voice is purely liquid, sweet and clear—exquisitely lyric. I found all my colleagues in ecstasy after his singing of *Cielo e Mar*. His *Duke in Rigoletto* was a delightful performance, a perfect exhibition of *bel canto*, but it lacks masculinity.

Alice Neilsen, as *Gilda*, in *Rigoletto*, was severely handicapped by the unfavorable conditions. The orchestral effects, emphasized by the low ceiling, sometimes overwhelmed her. I prefer to wait for her *Mimi*, in *La Boheme*, before I attempt to measure the improvement she has made during the last year.

The Spanish bass, Seguro, is to my ear, most gifted of his kind we have heard in Los Angeles for many moons—almost since Pol Plancon and Edouard de Reszke.

The chorus is much the best that has ever visited Los Angeles, and there is a delightful corps de ballet.

But great heavens! All those artists in a skating rink! Shame on us, Los Angeles.

The next concert of the Woman's Lyric Club is set for Friday, March 15, and the program promises an excellent evening of music.

On Thursday evening, March 14, in Dobinson Auditorium, 1044 South Hope street, Madame Oda Nielsen, one of Denmark's greatest emotional actresses and prima donna assoluto in light opera, will give an evening of song, besides appearing in a one-act play entitled *Faces of a Lie*. Madame Nielsen, having received three months leave of absence from the "Dagmartheater," of Copenhagen, Denmark, has signed a contract with the "Danish-American Society," for a series of forty concerts throughout the United States. Wherever she appeared she has sung before crowded houses, and as she explains in English the meaning of every song previous to its rendition her audiences are for a great part made up of Americans. She will be assisted by Mr. C. Willumsen, of Copenhagen, an actor of renown, who also acts in the capacity of her accompanist. For the Los Angeles performance Mr. Johan Haae Zinck, for three years the leading tenor with the "Folke Opera" of Copenhagen, has been engaged. Mr. Zinck is well known in musical circles here. He will be heard in a recitative and aria from Weber's grand opera, *Freischutz*, which he will sing in the Danish language, besides a group of Danish ballads. Tickets are for sale at the Bartlett Music Company store.

This week's musical column must be closed before the concert of Miss Rey del Valle was given at the Gamut Club auditorium. Miss del Valle's program covered a wide range and the patronesses of her concert exerted themselves valiantly in her behalf. She was assisted by Natorp Blumenfeld, violinist and Miss Lillian Adams, pianist.

If you are an admirer of the music written for a chorus of men, by all means attend the concert of the Orpheus Club at Simpsons Auditorium next Wednesday, March 14. The Orpheus Club was organized a year or two ago and it has gradually added to its membership until it now contains about 45 singers. The club is essentially a "young man's club" and few of its singers have been heard by the regular concert going public. The training has been in the capable hands of Joseph P. Dupuy.

Mr. Behymer should go into the rainmaking business. Time was when all that was necessary to insure rain was to advertise a symphony concert. For two seasons this never failed. Now, however, the rain god has transferred his attention to "Bee's" musical attractions. Schumann-Heine escaped a drenching but none of the others have eluded the rain. And Monday evening when Moriz Rosenthal played at Simpsons was no exception. Rosenthal is one of those artists who need no "press agenting" after once being heard. He is a splendid massive player—one of the few piano soloists who satisfy. Frankly the writer does not care for the piano as a solo instrument, and piano players are at a discount, ordinarily, Rosenthal is an exception.

Carrol McComas, who is known to all Angelenos, is to give a concert at Simpsons on April 2. She will have a fine staff of assistants for Ludwig Opid, the 'cellist; Harry Clifford Lott, the baritone; William Mead, the flutist and Archibald W. Sessions, the pianist, will assist. Miss McComas is a whistler who can whistle and her reputation as an entertainer is as wide as the country.



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## W. H. MEAD - Practical Instruction

Teacher of the Flute and Director of Orchestral Societies, Flutist Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra Eight Years. Director First Congregational Church Orchestra Ten Years

Studio 306 Blanchard Bldg.

Los Angeles

Elmer Wachtel will give an exhibition of his pictures in Chicago during March at Thurber's gallery. He has in his studio at present a number of beautiful canvases.

In the second week in January, Elmer Wachtel shipped to Washington, D. C., for the annual exhibition of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, two remarkable paintings. The larger of the two called *In the Shadow of the Canyon* is a view of one of the small canyons in the neighborhood of Elsinore. This work Mr. Wachtel considers one of his best efforts to interpret the coloring and mystery of the California hills. He has achieved a rare success. Having been in Los Angeles for nearly a score of years he is familiar with the moods of this enigmatic land. His sensibility is great without being weak. It is a world for men which he paints; a region of sinew and power; beautiful, elusive, strong—not a phantasmagoria for a lady's chamber. His treatment is frank and universal enough to be free from fads. His manner is straightforward and not cramped nor partial. In this last canvas of his, one feels the isolation and loneliness of our hills, which is not the scrubbed nature of the old world, freshened by rain and snow and time, but a newer natural garden, melodious with bee and bird, and sweet with scented sage. The freshness of California is that of a new creation, expectantly quiet. On our hills one seems to listen for some new sound not heard before, rather than for a familiar note. This startling quality, this fearsome repose, Mr. Wachtel has been able to entrap in his best work better than any other painter. While looking at his pictures one feels the largeness and roominess of these solitudes, here freely set by nature for the doing of some great deed. Mr. Wachtel loves to paint the browns and golden hues of Summer, seen from some spot shrouded in that ever-present shadow, always lurking in our hills; the wraith of night that gives pathos to every sunny afternoon.

*Southern California* is the title of one of his best pictures. It gives a good idea of Mr. Wachtel's style. The soft purple of the evening hills, being a bright contrast to the darker oaks in shade, in the foreground. This is one of the artist's most recent pictures.

The other picture sent to Washington is called the *Golden Hour*. It has a more intimate tone than most of Mr. Wachtel's work. It is rich in color and sensuous feeling. A bit of sunlit brush gives light and joy to the warm shimmering slopes, bathed in the fading light of a wholesome day; the soft shadow being the precursor of a languorous night, when every fitful sound seems a note of wooing. Done by less a master hand, this picture would seem theatrical, that bane of artists who try any dramatic coloring. This is a great picture, warm, real, and human in sympathy, as far as sticks and stones alone can be made to appear so. It has promise for the hour rather than for the morrow; other pictures of this artist having often an impersonal touch, like the smile of a disdainful god of old, whom man fretted with his woes.

Elmer Wachtel is a native of Baltimore. He came here when a lad, and began his art studies in this city. Later he passed two years abroad, visiting the studios of London and Paris. He has remained free from the fads of any school, choosing rather to acquire cunning with his brush by his own methods. In this he has been unusually successful, being a man of strong will and great enthusiasm. He excels in interpreting the peculiar characteristics of Southern California. Some aspects of nature hereabouts are only felt after a long residence in this part of the world. Mr. Wachtel, both by temperament and study, has seized upon a certain detached feeling one gets among our mountains—a sense of isolation and of freedom.

He has in his studio, which he recently built on Avenue 43 west, a large number of paintings of great merit and beauty. Many of his canvases show the waning light of late afternoon, but some of them are done in full daylight. One of the best of the latter is called *The Arroyo Seco from the Hilltops*, showing a long stretch of sandy waste. In treating our great washes Mr. Wachtel is highly successful. Another small canvas of his, *The San Gabriel Wash*, gives one the effect of the warm color and the baking heat one experiences near that ribbon of sand neighboring Azusa.

All of his coloring is mellow and not garish. One picture called *Dawn* gives a distant view of the valley in the hazy light of early day. Another, *Winter*, is a small picture of the hills, flecked with snow. *Spring* is a clever drawing of a brook flowing toward the spectator. Mr. Wachtel visited Salt Lake a year ago, and the pictures made from sketches taken there give an interesting contrast to his other work, being done in the thinner coloring and paler hues of that region.

Mr. Wachtel has sold in Los Angeles a great many of his pictures. One of the best of these is called *Afterglow* and is owned by Dr. West Hughes. The California Club has two of his paintings. Other residents of this city and vicinity who own canvases by this gifted man are: Mrs. H. W. Hart, Mrs. F. A. Neustadt, Miss Senter, Mrs. Luther Green, Mrs. C. M. Sterry, Wesley Clark, E. P. Bryan, Gen. Sherman, Dr. Fenyess, Murray M. Harris, Mrs. Housh, Mrs. Pliny Watson, Wm. G. Kerckhoff, Mrs. Elbert Wing, R. W. Pindexter, Dr. Shelly Tolhurst, J. B. Byrne, W. F. Dummer of Chicago and E. P. Ripley of the Santa Fé Railway. There is one of his pictures at the Public High School.

Mrs. Elmer Wachtel is going to Chicago with a score or more of her water colors to exhibit in Anderson's gallery. On her return to Los Angeles, in May, she will give an exhibition of her work in the studio on Avenue 43.

Carl J. Blenner, who has been in Los Angeles during the last fortnight, has had on exhibition in the Blanchard Art Gallery, half a dozen of his pictures. Mr. Blenner studied with

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Bouguereau and Robert Fleury and is a native of Richmond, Va. He is essentially a painter of pretty women. Many of his pictures have been reproduced, both in color and in platinum prints. He paints apparently with the idea of reproduction in his mind. His coloring is too sensational to be pleasant, but he preserves his color values so well that in reproduction his compositions are harmonious in tone. This is notably the case with the picture called *Waiting*. In the painting one's attention is distracted by too much detail and annoyed by the leaden coloring of the landscape seen through the window. In a print of this picture which Mr. Bernstein has, these disadvantages disappear and the photograph is very creditable and attractive. One portrait is shown which is not at all interesting. The best of these studies of women is *Idleness*, which strongly suggests a picture by Chaplin in the Luxemburg in Paris. Mr. Blenner is better as a draughtsman than as a colorist. The lady called *Opals* looks black and blue in the face. An attempt has been made to give the effect of electric and daylight. The result is more striking than happy. This picture

again is said to reproduce excellently. None of the faces painted by Mr. Blenner have any character, but then how tiresome it would be if all pretty women did have some character. The less character some of them have the better we like them, more's the pity. For whom?

Leonard Lester will give an exhibition of his pictures at Gould's gallery, beginning on March 15.

Mrs. Everts will exhibit at Steckel's gallery on March 17, continuing until the end of the month.

Mrs. Helma Heynsen-Jahn is painting a portrait of Dr. Norman Bridge, which promises to be very successful. Mrs. Jahn is fortunate in possessing an insight into character which enables her to seize on the salient features in the personality of the sitter. She has had excellent training abroad, receiving much encouragement from such men as von Defregger and von Lenbach. Her studio is open to visitors on Thursdays from two to four.

Leonard Lester will shortly give an exhibition of his pictures at Gould's gallery.

The portrait of Bishop Johnson, by Mrs. Antonia Melville, has been moved into the second gallery at Gould's, where it shows to much better advantage than in the first room. Mrs. Melville has been in San Pedro for eight years, only recently having moved to Santa Monica. She studied in the Heatherly school of art in London, and later with W. P. Frith, R. A.

Miss Nona L. White and her sister, Miss Emily H. White, with their mother, Mrs. White, who has recently come to this city from Chicago, have taken William Wendt's studio on Sichel street. Miss Emily White is a miniature painter and has achieved marked success in this line of work in the east. Miss Nona White, however, will retain her studio in the Blanchard building.

Mrs. May Mott-Smith Bird Cunningham, of San Francisco, has some of her handiwork jewelry on sale at Gould's. Some of her designs are very attractive.

PEREZ FIELD.

## Life

By THE LATE ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

(The following rhapsody, paean—what you will—on Life was written by the great free-thinker, shortly before his own death. It was inspired by the tidings of the birth of a little grand-daughter.)

Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low, looking with wonder—wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day; taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes; lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robes; learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech; releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves; puzzling the brain with crooked numbers, and their changing, tangled worth; and so, through years of alternating day and

night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of birth, the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle song, drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong, pity for those who toil and weep; tears for the imprisoned and despised; love for the generous dead, and in the heart the raptures of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft; flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed; knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold; of honor bought from those who charge the

usury of self-respect; of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent made eyes rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things, high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead, the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half remembered things; holding the withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest. And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughter's babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night. At last, sitting by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.

## Autos and Autoists

Yes, the hill-climb was a grand success. Everybody is pleased. The winners are pleased because they won and the other machine owners

are pleased because they came so near winning. The judges are pleased because they had no trouble in picking out the winners and the management generally is pleased because everything went off smoothly and the start and finish arrangements that they made turned out to be the best possible. The event was more than a success, it filled a long felt want. In these days of strenuous motor races with fearless, nerve proof amateur and equally fearless professionals trying to beat the unbelievable record of some previous dare-devil who has taken his special racing car along the sands or roads at a speed that would out-do the fastest express train, we turn with relief to trials of machines that are really trials and give the public, that is, the motor buying public, a chance to judge the capabilities of a machine under trying circumstances. Just as the ordinary demonstration of a motor car by a salesman is infinitely less valuable to the purchaser than a careful inspection of the different parts of a machine in the garage,

so is the record breaking pace not to be compared with the near-at-home hill-climbing contest so far as the ordinary automobilist is concerned. The winners are, of course, to be congratulated and they will, doubtless, make great stock of the fact in their advertisements, but we must not overlook the fact that each race was very closely contested. The actual value of such a contest to the possible purchaser of a machine, is not in watching the result as published in the paper the next day and noting which cars won in the different classes, but in being on the ground and judging for one's self what a machine is capable of. I have talked with several who have nothing to do with the automobile business and whom I can rely on as being absolutely unprejudiced, and they one and all had something good to say about the machines that took the second and third places. The policing of the course was really fine, considering the number of people present and everybody knows how a crowd will push its way onto

*Tourist*  
AUTOMOBILES—  
Made in  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Streets

"Better buy a Tourist than wish you had."



a course unless there is an unbreakable line of soldiery to protect it. Leon Shettler is to be congratulated on the excellent work done by himself and his assistants in this direction. A fine instance of Time's Revenges was shown by the motor-cycles. They were to have started first while the course was comparatively clear but were put off until the last. The winning cycle, ridden by C. F. Dunham, covered the course in 2 mins. 24 secs., within ten seconds of the time made by the high-power Packard that made the best time of the day. If the cyclists had been started first when the crowd was well in hand and the course clear, they would probably have beaten the record of the Packard. The timing arrangements were perfect. A telephone line was strung the length of the course and, when a car started the exact time was telephoned to the finish and as all watches were synchronised, by the same method, exact results were obtained.

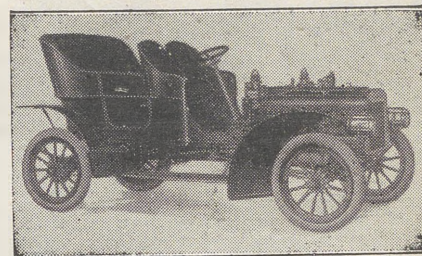
When I gathered in the morning papers on Sunday, I opened them eagerly, not to see what was said about the hill-climb, not to see if the copy desk had butchered my story, but to look at the advertisements and see what the different representatives had to say about what their cars did in the contest. Naturally the winners came out with a blare of triumph, but what about the losers? "And they all began to make excuses." Here is one that struck me as being particularly brilliant. The advertisement is headed with a large black type statement to the effect that that make of car wins. Below we read that: "We repeatedly made from 2:37 to 2:40 before the race and will do it again as often as prospective customers wish. Our official time is below this, owing to the substitution at the last moment of an inexperienced driver, unfamiliar with the course." Let us raise our hats in greeting to the man who wrote that advertisement. Whatever car he undertakes to sell we may rest assured that he will sell it. It is the man who never knows when he is beaten who wins out in the long run.

Here is one point to be noticed by every possible purchaser of an automobile, in connection with the same hill-climbing contest. Many of the high priced cars did not enter because they knew that the low priced cars could make just as fast time as they could over that distance. This is all very true but, as I have stated, it is not the actual time made by the cars so much as their general bearing and the way they negotiated the hill by which one can judge them. I feel sure that, had these high priced cars entered, they would have made a showing to the eyes of anybody who understands machinery at all, that would have classed them above the low priced machines. I feel sure that all fair-minded motorists will agree that, in many cases, the losing contestants gained as much prestige as the winners.

Now that the hill-climb is over and done with we are looking forward to the next great event, the duel between the Oldsmobile and the Pope-Hartford, to start on March 14. The latter machine started out last Saturday to cover the course and give the pilots a chance to make note of the "rocks and currents in the course." Bert Dingley was in charge with "Robin" Adair, Eddie Cowan and C. W. Gates to relieve him. "Grand Avenue Bill" (otherwise Billy Ruess) went along as far as San Fernando, combining business in noting the condition to the valley road during a rain storm and pleasure in stopping off to stay with friends on a ranch over Sunday.

I dropped in to see Harmon Ryus the other day and found him seated at his desk valiantly waving a pen. "Now do you see what is mightier than the sword?" he asked. "See here," and he pushed a slip of blue paper over for my inspection. It proved to be a check for \$2,000 which he had just signed. "Is it for me?" I queried innocently. "No" was the reply. "But there is one just like that for you if you think the Pope-Hartford is not going to win the race to San Francisco." I respectfully declined his kind offer and very diplomatically, as I thought, stated that if I had that amount to spare I would put it in toward buying a brand new White steamer instead of betting with it. "A little hot air goes a long way" said the genial captain. All the same I know he was pleased by his smile. The check I spoke of was the final installment of the wager of \$3,000 which each party to the race is putting up. Three thousand dollars is a very large sum to wager on such an event but, figuring it over carefully, it is only a part of the general expenses. In a race of this kind the most perfect arrangements must be made. The entire route must be patrolled and each contestant must have his own scouts and feeders all along the road. The state of the road in front of him, the possibilities of the weather and the advantages of different cut-offs must be shouted to the driver of a car as he passes his look-out stations. Then food and fuel must be taken aboard and this has to be done in the least possible space of time. Indeed, such a race makes one think of two despatch boats racing from a home port to the scene of action when it is of the

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| 2 | Cyl'er | Touring  | car-20 | H. P. | \$1,350 |
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Salesrooms

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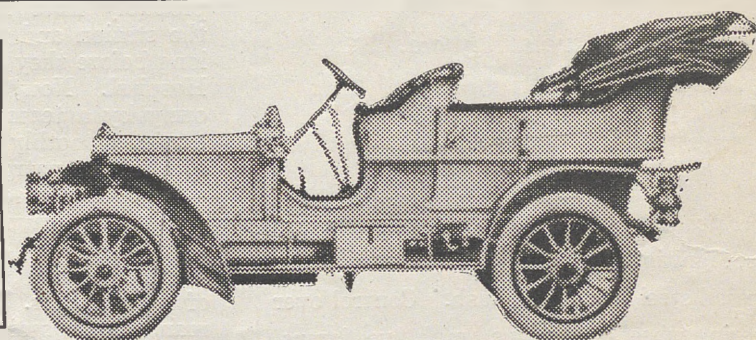
Wm. Gregory, Mgr.

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Of course you saw the HAYNES Booth at the Automobile Show at Morley's Rink.

### Facts That Count:

Ask to be shown the roller bearing and beveled pinion transmission which makes possible shaft drive combined with high power.



The Haynes was in the Vanderbilt Cup Race—a little stock model competing gamely with cars of twice its horse power and running with unfailing regularity and smoothness.

You saw the Haynes at the Show. The same chassis that proved so reliable at the race slightly improved in details, with a touring body—stands ready to prove just as reliable for your use.

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Automobile, Bicycle and Vehicle Tires and Mechanical Rubber Goods

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\$2750

Complete Equipment

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LEON T. SHETTLER.

### IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Prices, \$675, \$700, \$1250, \$1400, \$2650.

### LEON T. SHETTLER

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Home Ex. 167 Sunset Ex. 633  
Member Automobile Dealers' Association of Southern California.

Friction Transmission

"The Car Ahead"

## THE GARTERCAR

Did We Make a Hit at the Show?

Yes, we surely did.

\$1450 Takes This XX Century

Masterpiece.

Specifications: Full 20 h. p. 94-inch wheel base; ignition, jump spark; Hyatt bearings; pressed steel frame and dash. Control over steering wheel. Equipped with five lamps. Prestolite tank.

## Occident Motor Car Co.

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Winner in the Altadena hill-climb.  
Maxwell Runabout,  
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Four-cylinder Tourabout,  
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The Runabout was one of the latest cars entered.

It is 14 H. P. and costs \$325 less than any car of other makes that finished.

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16 to 60 Horse Power \$800 to \$3,650.

E. Jr. BENNETT AUTOMOBILE CO.  
Gen. Agents for Southern California

utmost importance to each side that their boat should arrive first.

Captain Ryus has not yet arranged the personnel of the crew for his machine. Bert Dingley and "Robin" Adair will be two and it is possible that "Grand Avenue Bill" and Harmon Ryus himself will go along. The latter feels, however, that he would be more useful in the role of general route manager and he will probably put one of his many subordinates in his place. I very modestly asked for the job. The captain smiled and said that he wanted an experienced man.

Automobile statistics are usually very uninteresting reading but here are some that are well worth noticing. That White steamer patrol wagon that I mentioned last week has made quite a record for itself. In 139 hours service it ran 281 miles, (this mind you, all down town, and necessarily below the speed limit) answered 196 calls and hauled 216 prisoners and all within ten days. This is a great record. Here is a machine, turned over to a patrolman, Allen, by the way, who had never run a steam car before in his life and knew little of automobiles anyway. In ten day it leaves the police station, runs around town and bucks up that hill again one hundred and ninety-six times without so much as a single breakdown. Now I do not draw attention to this as a "boost" for this particular make of car, although it speaks well for the White people, but simply to show the remarkable work that is being done by automobile manufacturers today. Imagine six years ago what would have been the result in the police department department had tried to run a gasoline patrol wagon. The prisoners would probably have starved before they reached the station and the injured would have died long before they found relief at the Receiving Hospital. Now, instead of being jolted furiously by a team of horses, the wounded are carried smoothly to relief and, when a call is sent in, the patrol wagon arrives on the scene a hundred per cent sooner than it did in the old "horse-drawn" days.

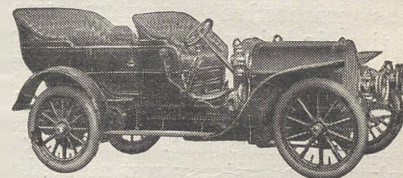
For the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. E. W. Sehring, the Haynes man, who passes the "calorified atmosphere" for the Superior Auto Co. Mr. Sehring is one of these busy men who is never too busy to talk to a newspaper man and consequently is beloved by all scribblers. He came out here a year ago and apparently has done good work for his firm. This is what Mr. Sehring has to say about Los Angeles and I am sure he was sincere by the way he said it. "I have been in the automobile business ever since '98, when it was in its infancy and I have never seen a town of its size so keen for motors as this Angel City. All we need is good roads and, say, we ought to have them, you bet we ought. Here we have oil as cheap as dirt and the right kind of soil for combining with the oil to make a regular asphalt pavement. All the roads need is a little leveling and a coat of oil then some rolling and they are as good as the best macadamized thoroughfares in the old country. I was out to Pomona the other day and I drove my machine down an avenue there for about two miles. The road was as level and smooth as a sea-shore course and I was assured by a Pomona friend of mine that it was all done by a little oil and a little rolling. Honestly, it seemed as if the whole road had been paved with asphalt. Now, if the powers that be, would only get together and fix all the roads leading out of Los Angeles the same way, what a paradise this would be for autos.

I asked Mr. Sehring about alcohol. "So far," he said, "the Haynes people have done no experimenting except that they have taken care that their machines need only an alcohol carburettor attachment in order to work properly on the new fuel. This of course is a point that all the manufactures are looking out for, but some of them are going to get fooled on ignition. About commercial cars Mr. Sehring had his own idear. "I believe," said he, "that commercial cars will succeed if the manufacturers will only put enough power in. You will notice that the Knox and Packard cars have made a success of their commercial wagons simply because they put large horse-power behind their gear. You know Charlie Christman? Yes? Well I really think that fellow has the right idea. He puts sixty horsepower into his wagon and gears it down to twenty miles an hour. Then again his gear idea is good. There is nothing to strip and the clutches seem to me to be the very acme of mechanical simplicity. The Haynes people make no commercial car at present, but that does not prevent my having ideas of my own and I am only too glad to have you publish this as coming from me." Now here is a man who knows what he is talking about and I hope that Charlie Christman will never read this, because he has a good enough idea of his own capabilities already.

Two of Them are Here

## POPE-TOLEDO

"The Chrome Nickel Steel Car"



Motor Transmission and general design, practically a duplicate of the Italian Fiat car driven by Laucia in two Vanderbilt races. A foreign car at an American price. Fifty horse power motor, mechanical valves, four speed selective transmission, high tension magneto, 36 inch wheels, multiple disc clutch. Price with top and full lamp equipment, \$4600.

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## Western Motor Car Co.

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Charles E. Anthony, Pres. Earl C. Anthony, Mgr

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## Home Garage

We sell second-hand Autos  
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Storage? Yes, indeed!

923 S. Main.

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Here is something of interest that I learned from Mr. Sehring. The Hynes, (i. e., the old Hynes-Apperson) people were the first to produce a really possible gasoline car. This was the 1898 Haynes-Apperson two-cylinder car and the first car of this model is in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, a monument to the brains and enterprise of American mechanics.

The Home Garage, where they buy and sell machines, and Clarence Locke does business, has been very busy. It was rainy when I went in to get some news and I found the energetic Clarence wearing overalls and a worried look. It seems that he was taking advantage of the wet weather to fix up the big Thomas flyer that hails from the Home port. The tonneau was shifted way back "aft" and the whole interior mechanism of the machine was laid bare. Mr. Locke explained that he was correcting the ill effects resultant from the holes on Spring street. He was too busy to be chatty, but I left the garage with a feeling that a manager who puts on overalls and dives into the "in'ards" of his own machines is apt to know something about his business.

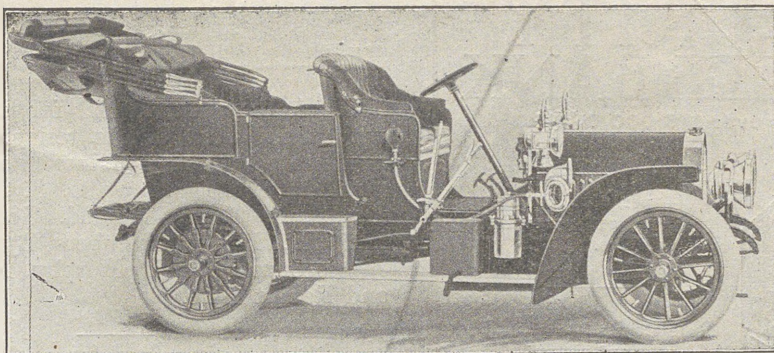
Mr. Brown is all smiles and Mr. Beardsley all ditto where the Tourist car is at home. And good reason for their smiles for the Tourist "the home-made car" made an excellent record in the hill-climbing contest. Two firsts and two seconds ought to satisfy anybody. The remarkable thing about these two victories and these two nearly victories was that the cars were priced almost the same as their competitors. In the second event won by the Tourist, all the cars were priced at \$1,250. In the third event the Tourist was only twenty-five dollars ahead of the second car, while number three cost seventy-five dollars more than the winner. For all these reasons therefore, Messrs. Brown and Beardsley are feeling happy.

In connection with the hill-climb, I am glad to see that my friend, Hal. Coffman, the artist, has returned to Los Angeles. He made some excellent cartoons for the *Times* of last Sunday and his delineations of "Leona de Shettla," "Grand Avenue Bill" and Henry T. Hazard were excellent. If Hal keeps up this pace he will make George Herriman hustle out with Freddie Pabst to get some good automobile pictures.

Speaking of Freddie Pabst, I must not overlook his new publication under the style of the *California Motor*. So far, it has been good, quite good. This Freddie is a good newspaperman and knows how to get the local news. What is more he knows how to get good pictures and the local dealers are wise enough to advertise with him so that he will certainly make a success of his new venture if he keeps up the present pace.

The *Auto Era* in its latest issue has some interesting items. One article is headed, "Why not give your car a name?" The arguments in this contribution are not very convincing although interesting to read and there lies hidden within such writings a grave danger—they are liable to set the jingler to rhyming. Not this week. Oh, no!

Salesmen make bad breaks at times but here is one that beats them all, "Yes, this is the best tire protector of them all on the market today and the beauty of it is that it does not interfere with the *osculation*."



**They are Here**  
**A Trio of Locomobiles---Type E.**  
 20 H. P., Seat. five. Come in and let us show you "Autodom's Perfection."  
**Success Automobile Co.**

Pico at Hill  
**E. E. CAISTER, Manager**  
 Open Day and Night, and absolutely fire proof **Bway 3748** **B 5756**

**Pope-Hartfords Pope-Tribunes**  
 and

**White Steamers**

**Early : : : Deliveries**

**SEE US FOR DEMONSTRATION  
 AND GET A SQUARE DEAL...**

**White Garage**

**712 South Broadway - - Both Phones Ex. 790**  
**H. D. Ryus, Mgr.**

**The H. O. HARRISON Co.**

ARE NOW SHOWING THEIR

**1907 PEERLESS AND OLDSMOBILES**

Come and inspect our handsome new quarters

**1212-1214 S. MAIN ST.**

Main 1842; Home 2515.

Boarding and Repairing a Specialty.

Open all Night.

SAME HANDY GARAGE, BUT UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

**The Famous "Studebaker" 1907 Models**

**WILL SOON BE HERE**

Better Book Your Order Right Away. They Include Both Gasoline and Electric.

**ANGELUS MOTOR CAR CO.**

110-12:14 East Third Street.

HOWARD FALLON, Manager.



# SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Resources over \$16,000,000.00



## Interest:

4 per cent on term;  
3 per cent on ordinary  
accounts.

Safe Deposit Boxes, \$2 per  
year and upwards.

H. W. Hellman Bldg., Fourth and Spring

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

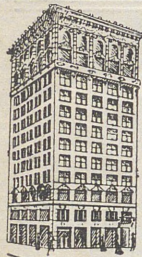
Statement at close of business, November 12, 1906.  
RESOURCES.

|                                |                 |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts            | \$10,726,007.89 |
| Overdrafts                     | 110,598.50      |
| U. S. Bonds                    | 1,597,160.00    |
| Premium on U. S. Bonds         | 57,450.99       |
| Bonds                          | 1,082,550.28    |
| Due from U. S. Treasurer       | 62,500.00       |
| Furniture and Fixtures         | 47,686.41       |
| Cash on Hand (special deposit) | 120,000.00      |
| Cash                           | \$2,993,926.00  |
| Due from other banks           | 2,886,466.88    |
|                                | 5,880,392.88    |
|                                | \$19,684,346.95 |

## LIABILITIES.

|                                 |                 |
|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| Capital Stock                   | \$ 1,250,000.00 |
| Surplus                         | 250,000.00      |
| Undivided Profits               | 1,280,878.89    |
| Circulation                     | 1,250,000.00    |
| Special Deposit, City Treasurer | 120,000.00      |
| Bonds Borrowed                  | 145,000.00      |
| Deposits                        | 15,388,468.06   |
|                                 | \$19,684,346.95 |

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the Officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.



# SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK

Oldest Savings Bank in  
Southern California.  
4th & Spring

4 per cent on Term  
3 per cent on Ordinary

## JOHN T. GRIFFITH CO.

Established 1892

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

214 Wilcox Building

Member L. A. R. B.

Home Phone Ex. 416

Sunset Main 4160

## Buy Telephone Stocks

FIELDING J. STILSON CO.

305 H. W. Hellman Building

Telephones A 2547 Main 105

## SAFETY AND PROFIT

Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you 4 per cent. interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$2.00 up.

## STATE BANK AND TRUST CO.

JOHN R. MATTHEWS  
President

S. F. ZOMBRO  
Cashier

Capital \$500,000

Deposits \$2,000,000

## Financial

G. Aubrey Davidson, for twenty years with the Sante Fé, has resigned to become president of the new savings bank being organized at San Diego by U. S. Grant, W. G. Kerckhoff, C. A. Canfield, Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr.; Edward Chambers, Lyman Stewart, James Cuzner, Daniel Murphy, A. C. Denman and Robert Hale.

Los Angeles capitalists are investigating the situation at Rialto with a view of establishing a bank.

The First National Bank, the Peoples' Bank and the Bank of Commerce of Long Beach are to be merged with a capital stock of \$500,000. The merger will be effected when the new building of the First National is completed. J. B. Heartwell will be president; A. J. Walker and F. A. Howe, who are now president and vice-president of the Peoples' Bank will be vice-presidents; Frank McCutchen, president of the Bank of Commerce, becomes a director in the new bank.

A new modern building is to be erected in Glendora and a bank will be organized to occupy part of the structure.

A \$16,000 building is to be erected at Eagle Rock and the new bank that has been organized will be one of the occupanys.

The stock of the First National Bank, of Monrovia, has been increased from \$50,000 to \$100,000. The additional \$50,000 was over-subscribed at \$200 per share the par value being \$100.

## Bonds

Glendale has voted \$5,000 bonds for fire apparatus but has defeated the proposition to issue \$17,000 bonds for a city hall.

The Board of Trade Committee, of San Bernardino, has recommended that three three propositions be placed before the voters in regard to street improvement. One proposition calls for \$45,000 in bonds; the second for \$232,500 in bonds; the third, for an issue of \$277,500.

The American Savings Bank of Los Angeles has declined to accept the \$50,000 issue of Redlands on the ground that the municipality has no right to vote bonds to pay the general running expenses of the city.

The Los Angeles Board of Education has recommended that \$200,000 in bonds be voted for a girls' high school in the southwestern section of the city. The board also wants \$600,000 for increasing the school facilities but proposes to raise this by tax levy.

In a mass meeting, Long Beach has indorsed the proposition to issue \$300,000 in school bonds. Of the total amount, \$200,000 is to be used for a high school and \$100,000 for additional grammar school buildings. The election will be held March 21.

The stockholders of the Bixby Hotel Co., of Long Beach, have authorized the sale of \$260,000 of the company's bonds.

## Leaves to Cut

Among the many variants—Youngs's, Voltaire's, Goldsmith's, etc.—of the epigram, "Speech was given to conceal thought," the witty Bishop South's is perhaps, the smartest and most cynical: "Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men where by to conceal it." Now, what the witty bishop said sarcastically of speech, most modern poets and some precious prose writers, seem seriously to hold of style—that its very unintelligibility is a note of genius. But in the poet's case, and even in that of the precious prose writer, the nut of the style, however hard, is worth the cracking for the sake of the kernel of the thought it contains; but in a book of gossip, even when the gossip is about such interesting or exalted folk as T. H. Escott recalls in *Society in the Country House*, you are irritated at having to read twice over passages to discover their far from momentous meanings. Again and again you have to wrestle with the meanings of such passages as this:

The most impressive of Lady Rolle's Whig guests, Henry Reeve, editor of the *Edinburgh*, seems to have anticipated a retributive blight on the Rolle arboretum and gardens. He was constrained to admit that the desertion of plain Whig principles, notwithstanding the perfection of foliage and growth secured by Lord

## "Shore Line Limited"

The luxurious daylight train to San Francisco, with parlor cars exclusively, over the

## Road of a Thousand Wonders

Leaving Los Angeles daily at 8 a. m., Arriving in San Francisco at 9:30 p. m.—13½ hours.

## One Hundred Miles by the Ocean Shore

Passengers must present first class railroad tickets with Pullman Parlor Car tickets before boarding train.

## City Ticket Office

600 S. Spring St., Cor. Sixth

**Southern Pacific**



Rolle for Tory Biston, must have marked an advance upon its outdoor beauties before it became one of Pitt's social strongholds.

Apropos of Pitt, by the way, this happy epigram, quoted from Moore, by Mr. Escott, *in re* there strictions suggested to be imposed upon the Prince Regent during the lunacy of his father, may be new to you:

A strait waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,  
A more limited monarchy could not well be.

Of George III. as a child the following truly Georgian anecdote is told: While George III.'s mother, the Princess of Wales, was dejectedly watching him and his brother, the Duke of York, at their lessons, she heard the younger say to the elder:

"When we are grown up you may have a wife, but I shall keep a mistress." "Be quiet; there must be no mistresses at all," replied the future king. "Learn your pronouns," interposed their widowed mother. "Can either of you tell me what a pronoun is?" "A pronoun," replied the Duke of York, "is to a noun what a mistress is to a wife—a substitute and representative."

It is curious to find a practical joke, of which that facetious bishop, South, was the occasion, attributed by Abraham Hayward's sister to her own uncle on his promotion by Lord North. In the original story a curate preached before his bishop, South, from the text, "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from thee, South," which so tickled the witty bishop that he at once presented the preacher to a living. According to Mr. Escott, Miss Hayward's uncle, upon receiving promotion from Lord North, preached with much less point from the same text. It is curious, again, to find Mr. Escott attributing to Wordsworth Lamb's happy description of Coleridge as a "damaged archangel." Here is Mr. Arthur Balfour's first impression of his predecessor in the premiership, Dizzy, "A brazen mask talking his own novels." As for Disraeli, he confessed to Mr. Escott himself an incredible ignorance. When Mr. Escott ventured to suggest to Disraeli that his famous phrase, "exhausted volcanoes," was a plagiarism from Wilke's excuse for sitting silent through all the French Revolution debates—"I am a burnt-out volcano"—Lord Beaconsfield replied, "Thanks, it looks like a crib; but it's the first time I knew Wilkes ever said anything worth repeating and fit for publication." There are at least a dozen quotable sayings of Wilkes, known to everyone, better worth remembering than this poor phrase, "a burnt-out volcano." Speaking of plagiarism, perhaps the most audacious recorded in the volume is that confessed by the third Sir Robert Peel. When congratulated at a dinner party, where Kinglake was his fellow-guest, upon a magnificent speech he had made in the House against the annexation of Savoy and Nice by France, Peel, turning first to his host and then to Kinglake said:—

The speech was the exact oration, word for word, which Kinglake here had addressed in his weak voice to the House. I alone could hear it, as I happened to be sitting next to him, and I took it all down and then repeated it in my brazen voice, with the effect upon which you have been congratulating me.

By the way, Mr. Escott—upon the excellent authority of Venables, Thackeray's George Warrington—completely disposed of Froude's picture of Mrs. Carlyle sitting in a solitary corner at Lady Ashburton's, ignored or snubbed by her fashionable fellow-guests:—

"Lady Ashburton," said Venables to Mr. Escott, "had no little ways, and took care that, in her house at least, the wives of literary men were conceded the

rank of their husbands; while from my own knowledge she inspired Mrs. Carlyle with a reciprocated attachment."

To be sure, Mrs. Carlyle, from everything I have read of her was the last woman in the world to be satisfied with consideration paid to her on any other account than that of her own intellectual supremacy. The last quotation I shall make from this most entertaining book of Mr. Escott's is opportune now that a reckless and unscrupulous section of the press is doing all it can to set Germany and England by the ears. In a letter written by Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff shortly before his death to Mr. Escott, that diplomatist says:—

The Governments and Chanceries of Europe would get on in perfect peace with each other but for a press always trying to excite jealousies and stir up bad feeling. It is a disgusting spectacle, and I thank God I am more than seventy years of age.—*Truth*.

Three volumes of Queen Victoria's letters (1837-61) which have been edited by Lord Esher and Mr. A. C. Benson, the latter the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, will be published by Mr. Murray in October, and not next month, as had been generally expected. The book is to appear simultaneously in New York and London. A private *edition de luxe*, in a special and highly ornate binding, is to be produced for King Edward, who desires to present the work to President Roosevelt, to all the reigning sovereigns and to a great number of distinguished personages in all parts of the world. It is not generally known that Queen Victoria had a private *edition de luxe* of her *Journal in the Highlands*, largely illustrated, which she kept to give away.

In his new book on *Art and Artists*, Dr. Max Nordau gives a comprehensive and unconventional view of the development of modern art as represented by some of the best known painters and sculptors. Whistler, Rodin, Meunier, Gustave Moreau, Frank Brangwy and Bouguereau are among those whom the author has vividly characterized, and in some cases his judgments differ widely from those generally accepted.

It is not as a humorist that Mark Twain deals with *Christian Science* in a book bearing that title which Messrs. Harper will publish shortly. On the contrary it is described as a work of vital seriousness, the result of years of painstaking study, and a presentation of the writer's sincere views.

Dr. Schiller's *Studies in Humanism* is a continuation of his previous work on *Humanism*, both on its critical and its constructive side. The new volume will be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

It is understood that Professor Dicey's new book on Egypt will be somewhat critical of the present administration of that country. The volume is to be published by Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. Loraine Petre's book, *Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia*, to be published by Mr. John Lane, will have a preface by Lord Roberts.

A new series of volumes dealing with Spain in its various aspects, its history, its cities and its monuments, is announced by Mr. John Lane. The editor of the *Spanish Series*, as it is to be called, is Mr. Albert F. Calvert, and the first two volumes will be a biography and appreciation of Murrillo, and a historical account of the Royal Armory at Madrid. The books will be lavishly illustrated.

The following advertisement is pathetically candid:

"Lonely Lady wishes to exchange scandal with another; replies required only from those in the best society, etc., etc."

It is one of the main attributes of modern civilisation that it brings out all the best features of the human character.

Specialty Business Property and  
High Class Residence Property

**MINES & FARISH**  
REAL ESTATE AGENTS  
315 S. HILL STREET

FULLY EQUIPPED RENTAL DEP'T.

GIVE US A CALL Phones { Home Ex. 145  
Main 1457

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Los Angeles, Cal.,  
February 5th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, James A. Decker of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. —, for the purchase of the Lots 1, 2 and 3 of Section No. 29, and S.W. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4 and S.E. 1/4 of S.W. 1/4 (Lot 1) Section 20, in Township No. 1 South, Range No. 19 West, S.B. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Los Angeles, Cal., on Friday, the 12th day of April, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Freeman H. Kincaid, Elmer L. Kincaid, Ernest F. Decker, A. L. Kincaid, all of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 12th day of April, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Feb. 9-9t—Date of first publication Feb. 9, 1907.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Los Angeles, Cal.

January 3rd, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Mabel G. Kelch, of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. —, for the purchase of the Lots 2 and 3, SE 1/4 of NW 1/4 and NE 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Section No. 18, in Township No. 1 S, Range No. 19 West, S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Los Angeles, Cal., on Thursday, the 14th day of March, 1907.


She names as witnesses: Marion Decker, of Santa Monica, Cal., I. S. Colyer, of Santa Monica, Cal., Freeman M. Kincaid, of Los Angeles, Cal., Perry Cattle, of Sherman, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 14th day of March, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Jan. 19—9t. Date of First publication Jan. 19, 1907.





## BISHOP'S CUP CHOCOLATE

**Made In a Minute**  
As soon as the water boils

The new chocolate is a drink that grows more to your liking every cup you have of it. The first cup you will like, the second cup you will like better, and so on every cup you drink.

The cake of cup chocolate contains both the milk and the sugar. All you need is boiling water and your cup of chocolate is ready. Costs 2½c a Cup.

**Bishop & Company**  
23 Gold Medals and Highest Awards in Europe and America.

## Wasted Heat Is Wasted Money

It doesn't matter how careful you are with a Coal or Wood fire you have more heat going up the chimney than is used in the stove.

## It's Like Throwing Money Away

## Why Not Burn GAS

The best and cheapest Fuel—Absolutely No Waste.

**GAS APPLIANCES FOR SALE  
BY ALL DEALERS**

## Electrical Appliances

**Woodill & Hulse Electric Co.**

276 South Main and  
111 East Third Street

Opposite Citizens Bank Building

**Electrical Repair Work a Specialty**

Phones—M 1125; Home Ex. 24

M. ORDOQUI

J. GAILLARD

**JUST OPENED**

## CAFE MARTIN

**THE FINEST**

## French Restaurant

**This Side of New York**

**Table d'Hote and a la Carte**

**Private Dining Rooms For Weddings,  
Clubs, Theatre Parties.**

**118½ SOUTH SPRING STREET**

**RICHERT BROS.**

**"SMALL BLACK"**

**COFFEE**

**40¢ POUND CAN.  
ALL GROCERS**

## Puritas

**Doubly Distilled Water**



To maintain continued good health, drink PURITAS and plenty of it.

Puritas is pure water—every demijohn of it, and all the time reliable, palatable and healthful.

It is produced by the most modern process of distillation, created with purified air and bottled so carefully that its purity is in no way impaired.

Puritas is inexpensive and easy to get. By means of our coupon books the regular rates are much reduced. Telephone us about them.



**5 Gallon Demijohn=40c**

**Both Phones Ex. 6.**

**L. A. Ice and Cold Storage Co.**

**H. JEVNE CO.**

## SQUARE DEALING

Quality and Square Dealing are the two fundamental stones upon which we have built our business.

The large and constantly growing patronage which this store of Grocery Quality enjoys, is abundant evidence of this.

You never pay two prices for quality HERE. What you pay is just what our goods are worth. Competent clerks fill your orders carefully and promptly, and treat you courteously.

There's no deviation from SQUARE DEALING at Jevne's.

**SMOKE JEVNE'S FINE CIGARS**

**208-210 SOUTH SPRING ST.  
Wilcox Building**

**UNWEETENED**  
**L I L Y**  
**M I L K**  
**EVAPORATED**

Think of the annual harvest of babies' lives by the ruthless destroyer IMPURE MILK. It claims thousands of children's lives each year.

Infants grow strong and healthy on LILY MILK. It is protected from infection by impurities and disease germs at every stage from the cow to the children.

Lily Milk is pure dairy milk, scientifically processed, thoroughly sterilized, delicious, absolutely pure and delightfully palatable.

It is the safest milk for adults, too, and persons suffering from weak stomachs and run-down systems.

For sale by all grocers.

**PACIFIC CREAMERY CO.**

**Los Angeles, Cal.**